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AMERICA AS A DEPENDENT NATION

Imports Play an Increasingly Vital Rôle in Our Economic Life

***DEPENDENT AMERICA.** By William C. Redfield. 268 pp. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.*

By ROBERT L. DUFFUS

MR. REDFIELD has written this small volume to supply what he believes to be an unhealthy lack of knowledge regarding "the intimate daily contacts between all our people and those who live outside our borders." During his career as a business man and as a Secretary of Commerce under President Wilson he arrived at the conclusion that the actual importance of our foreign trade was not generally realized. While politicians were talking in terms of isolation our manufacturers were becoming more and more dependent upon other countries for their basic raw materials. It was not merely coffee, tea, silks, spices and a few other luxuries that we had to have from abroad, but metals, woods, fibers and chemicals—many of them not even known by name to the ordinary man—without which this country, as we know it, could not continue to exist.

In 1923, according to an estimate of the National Industrial Conference Board, the ratio of our import trade to our domestic production was about 7½ per cent. To every dollar of new wealth, that is, international trade contributed 7½ cents and domestic farms, mines and factories 92½ cents. But the 7½ cents' worth of imports were in many cases as important to domestic production as gasoline is to a motor car: the engine wouldn't go without them.

Mr. Redfield's book consists mainly of illustrative facts, and the best way of reviewing it is to cite a few of them. Few of us have heard of the Tachardia lacca, an insect which drags out an uneventful life cycle on the branches of certain trees in India. We have, however, heard of shellac, which is used in making buttons, phonograph records, imitation ivory and sealing wax; serves to keep the bottoms of ships from fouling and rusting, and appears in the form of various varnishes on a multitude of objects. In short, thinks Mr. Redfield, "it would be an interesting and doubtless an amusing experience for any man, woman or child to see if a day could be passed without employing shellac in one or another of the countless forms in which it finds use."

For these uses we depend upon the continued good health of the Tachardia lacca and upon an uninterrupted trade with India.

Jute and other fibers are a somewhat more familiar instance. The farmer in Yucatan, or his Government, may cause an agricultural crisis in this country—and during the late war came near doing so—by withholding the necessary supply of henequin fiber, from which binder twine is made. Jute proper comes from India. Our entire cotton crop is wrapped up in it. It goes into linoleum and helps pad our coats. The importance of rubber has lately been emphasized. We do not produce any rubber, but we use between 70 and 80 per cent. of the world's supply.

Steel is, as Mr. Redfield says, "our greatest industry," and it gives us a great bargaining power in international trade. But even our steel industry does not run on its own legs—or rather, does not turn on its own wheels. Says Mr. Redfield:

> In 1921 the President of one of the subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation was asked for information about the importation of elements used in steel-making. The list received in reply gives the quantities and countries from which the various materials were brought for the years 1919 and 1920, and covers fourteen and a half typewritten pages. It shows forty commodities brought from fifty-seven countries.
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> Among the commodities imported for this purpose were aluminum, antimony, asbestos, asphaltum, chromite, coal, copper, ferroalloys, fluorspar, graphite, iron ore, jute, lead, magnesite, manganese, nickel, nitrate of soda, crude mineral oil, linseed oil, palm oil, ferromanganese, ferrosilicon, pyrites, tin and tungsten ore.
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> Cut these off and bang would go the steel industry! The steel kings must go to the Belgian Congo, French Oceania, Liberia, Tobago and the Straits Settlements, to say nothing of foreign countries somewhat nearer Broadway, if they are to continue in business. For chrome, which is an essential ingredient in armor plate, projectiles, high-speed cutting tools, rifle barrels, bayonets, airplane and automobile parts, stainless steels, certain coloring compounds and so on, almost as far as one cares to go, we have to turn to Rhodesia, New Caledonia, Asia Minor, Russia and Brazil. Our native supply would be exhausted in five years if we had to depend upon it. And chrome is but one of the necessary elements in metal working. Consider railroading:
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> The great locomotive stands there through the sweat of toilers in the Caucasus far over the sea, or in the heats of India or Brazil, through the labor of miners in distant Rhodesia or in New Caledonia in the South Pacific, through the aid of Canadian workers in nickel mines, through the help of Peruvian Indians extracting vanadium ore. These supplied for that locomotive what America lacked; their labors far off have united with our efforts at home. Manganese and chrome, nickel and vanadium have met in the steel fabric of our locomotive. Tools of steel alloyed with Chinese tungsten were used to fit them to service. Thus was the monster born, the product of the continents.

Making the Berth of a Giant

From an Etching by A. Schutz. (Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.)

For leather "we have to comb the remote areas of the globe," even though we are "the foremost leather making, using and exporting nation in the world." Our tanneries would find it hard to operate without the quebracho tree, which grows in Northern Argentina and Paraguay. We derive rabbit furs for the hatters from Australia and New Zealand, braids for straw hats from Japan and China. Japan sends us 2,000,000 toothbrushes every month—or did in 1923. In the same year we imported, as Mr. Redfield estimates, "a million miles of sausage casings," though it should be added that we exported more than as many. These came from Argentina, Canada, China, Australia and New Zealand. We have begun to import fruit from the Argentine and Mexico. We bring in beans from thirty-four foreign countries.

To give one of Mr. Redfield's illustrations:

> On a single day in April, 1922, the New York wholesale market received among other supplies of the kind 800 crates of honey-dew melons from South Africa, 4,000 crates of vegetables and a shipment of lima beans from Cuba, 10,000 packages of vegetables and 1,700 barrels of potatoes from Bermuda, 4,000 crates of onions from Chile and 18,000 bags of onions from Egypt.

We import butter from fourteen countries and cheese from twenty-one. And if, as Mr. Redfield says, we consider the utensils of the kitchen, we must rely upon tin from the Malaysian Peninsula or the Bolivian Andes, or perhaps on aluminum from British or Dutch Guiana, as our own large supply of aluminum ore has to be supplemented by importations. The insulating material used in our telephone cables is made of old cordage, collected from seaports the world over (smelling of no one knows what bygone scents of danger, heroism and hardship); the mica in our telephone instruments is from British India; electric lights of the prevailing variety would be impossible without cryolite from Greenland and other materials from China, Germany, Spain, the Dutch East Indies, Brazil, Chile and the Caucasus.

Copra, from which cocoanut oil is made, comes from the Philippines—an argument, Mr. Redfield seems to think, for preventing the islands from falling into "unstable" or "hostile" hands. Castor oil is used as a lubricant in airplane engines, as a basis for perfumes, in soap, in leather dressings and, of course, as a medicine. We go to India, Brazil, Spain and China for it. We go to West Africa for palm oil, which is necessary to the tinware makers and useful to the soap manufacturers. We import peanuts from nine countries, and make the oil into salad oil, margarine and soap. We draw on thirteen countries for olive oil. Chinese wood oil, or tung oil, "is said to be the base of most modern waterproof, quick-dying varnish."

If the United States were really "isolated," the printing and publishing industry would shrink to a shadow. We take wood pulp from six countries and paper from several others, with Canada as the most important contributor.

"The most 'irreconcilable' editor," Mr. Redfield observes, "must be content to have his editorials preaching political isolation printed on paper of Canadian origin."

If we wish "coated" paper we fall back on casein, which is furnished by the cows of the Argentine, *(Continued on Page 24)*

Sherwood Anderson Reports On Life and Letters

In His "Notebook" He Gathers a Sheaf of Random Observations and Sketches

Sherwood Anderson.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTE-BOOK. Containing Articles Written During the Author's Life as a Story-Teller, and Notes of His Impressions From Life Scattered Through the Book. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

By H. I. BROCK

IN Mr. Sherwood Anderson is much earnestness about things which are self-evident. Curious about life, he is very busy discovering life in himself, and considerably moved by the emotions of a Columbus in the presence of the simple facts which underlie civilized man's acceptance of the complex existence in which he finds himself involved with his fellow-human beings. As a story-teller—which is the title of his own election—it is Mr. Anderson's business to deal with these facts as basic material. As a modern philosopher, it is his concern to take stock of what, in the light of them, is wrong with the life around us.

It seems that there is quite a lot wrong. Ford cars, for instance, are wrong—or what Ford cars stand for. Coal mining is—if not wrong—at least not quite right. The dust gets in the dimples in the little children's faces, in the beards of the old men, into the lines about the women's mouths that they were meant to smile with—it gets even in the food. Our books and magazines and newspapers—or most of them—are wrong. Especially in the magazines we are tricked by clever writers, trained for the purpose, into accepting the reality of people who are not in the least so. They are hardly, in fact, any more real than the magazine-cover girl. And "these magazines are run through the shops in bunches as the modern factory turns out cheap furniture."

Chicago has two big morning papers in English which everybody is expected to read, and Paris has thirty little morning papers in French, so that the Frenchman can take his choice. In short, we are being mercilessly standardized, as the Germans used to be by their Prussian drill sergeants and their Prussianized professors. They do those things differently in Europe—in France, pre-eminently. And it is a question whether, after all, it is a good thing for Americans to have to emigrate in order to have liberty and leisure for that "pursuit of happiness" to which the Declaration of Independence said we were self-evidently entitled by our mere birth-right as human beings.

Nothing very new in all this, certainly. No shock of novelty in Mr. Anderson's discovery that there was something in the sort of sleepy little town in Ohio he knew as a youth—something which has departed from the same town when it becomes a mining town or one, like Akron, devoted to the manufacture of automobile tires and rubber contraptions generally.

There is a virtue in rustling green trees and grassy lawns and wide porches draped with wistaria, where of a quiet evening the moonlight spills itself in pools and old folks talk and smoke quietly and young ones make love softly. It is a good thing that Mr. Anderson has found this out, of course. But the sure knowledge of it goes back a long way—long before there were Ohio towns, long before tobacco became a part of civilization, long before any of the local elements existed except the trees, the grass, the moonlight and people—young and old. In Arcadia, also.

Another thing Mr. Anderson has discovered is the Vieux Carré of New Orleans. It is—or was—a good thing for any of us to discover, and had been even before 'Lafcadio Hearn and George W. Cable. Mr. Anderson has done very well with it. He is a sensitive artist with words, and the best writing in his book is the thing New Orleans taught him to do which he calls "A Meeting South." It was published in The Dial a year ago—most of the longer papers in the volume have appeared in magazines—and is really a bit of story-telling. As Mr. Anderson says, story-telling is his business, and story-telling is a gift. Philosophy is another matter. Either it is very deep knowledge, or it is perspective with magnificent distances.

The papers reprinted from various periodicals — mostly periodicals of protest—are interspersed in the printed text here with notes which profess to be a record of the author's intellectual and emotional reactions at various periods of his life from the time he worked on a pile driver on the Chicago lake front to his achievement of an establishment with a cook and a secretary. These notes parade the frankness which is the affectation of this decade and has seemed to some an evidence of shallowness rather than depth, of weakness rather than strength, of thin blood rather than the pulsing purple tide which is supposed to drive to reckless utterance. Reckless means uncalculated. But every note of Mr. Anderson's is a note of calculation, every amorous image and suggestion of illicit adventure is perfectly deliberate and—literary. When the recital of the happenings is most bald, the terseness is all of intention. Art speaks, not Nature.

Which is quite as it should be. As I said before, Mr. Anderson is curious about life. There is a part of life about which most readers are curious, and glimpses of the discoveries of others in this particular province have an admitted fascination. It is not quite possible for an American author—curbed in the "pursuit of happiness" by custom and convention and even by constitutional amendment—to be as frank and unashamed in his confessions as Anatole France. It is not even possible for him to apply to being frank and unashamed so fine a literary art. But it is possible nowadays to go quite a long way. Mr. Anderson's training as a novelist has made him very skillful in keeping contact with the limit.

By the way, one of his papers is called "An Apology for Crudity." It was written for The Dial ten years ago, and defends Mr. Theodore Dreiser for not being like Mark Twain—or some such thing. The gist of it is that we are a crude people, and those who write for us must not forget that it is a crude people we write for and of. Chicago is not Oxford—or even Boston. Moreover, we who write are ourselves crude.

And in nothing are we cruder than in relation to the loves that no gentleman should be able either to forget or to remember—if they are matters in his own life. Such loves are now admittedly included in the legitimate field of the artist of fiction, and in the handling put a fearful strain upon the native artist's artistry. Of Mr. Anderson's notes, some deal with the humiliation of having to lecture for a living and the gratification of the showman's instinct that creeps in all the same; others are concerned with how a writer sometimes cannot work and how he sometimes cannot sleep. But they run very considerably to a series of rough—but very careful—sketches for a collection of contes drolatiques. Somewhere in this volume he says that "the alibi is one of the prime necessities of life." In this case the literary alibi for the supposed personal record is conveniently available.

Nevertheless, it is possible to prefer Anatole France. Mr. Anderson's merits as a story teller are really of quite another kind. They do not depend on an affectation of frankness which is transparent literary artifice. As a rediscoverer of eternal verities he is less important. However, a certain interest always attaches to the processes of the rediscoverer. It rediscovers himself necessarily in an attitude of naïveté.

Second Part of "The Tale of Genji"

THE SACRED TREE. Being the Second Part of Tale of Genji. By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. 304 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

WHEN the first part of "The Tale of Genji" was published in Arthur Waley's sensitive translation last Summer, the book was unanimously hailed as a literary event of the first magnitude. The novel was, by common consent, compared with Fielding's "Tom Jones," and ranked as one of the greatest pieces of fiction ever written. In the first book, written over 900 years ago, Prince Genji was introduced as the great lover of medieval Japan; Lady Murasaki's fine sense of moral niceties and unique gift of prose naration marked her book as an unmistakable work of genius.

The second portion of the book does not, unfortunately, quite come up to the interest of the earlier section. The narrative, description and discernment are sustained and excellently fine, but the subject matter shifts from romance, in the European "Gothic" sense, to the political life of the Emperor's Court. Its psychology is much that of, say, a courtier of the time of le Roi Soleil; Genji's character is revealed as that of a brilliant and condescending hanger-on of royalty, "the inhabitant of a world peopled not by creatures like herself, but by a remote or superior order of being."

The action of "The Sacred Tree" concerns itself with the intrigues against Genji which followed the death of his easy-going father, the old Emperor; with his devices to avert disgrace and exile following the discovery of an intrigue with Princess Oborozukiyo, sister of the mother of the reigning Emperor, who was hostile to Genji; with a voluntary exile at Suma, enlivened by an intrigue with a provincial girl, the Lady of Akashi, and with Genji's triumphant return to court when the Emperor Suzaku resigned in favor of the heir apparent, who happened to be Genji's son (a guilty secret which the great liver shared with the old Emperor's third wife, the Princess Fujitsubo). The book closes with Genji's star in the ascendant, the young Emperor being completely dominated by the brilliant Prince; the latter's marital tangle is being unraveled by the simple expedient of constructing a palace with three wings, in which to install his three principal women, his wife Murasaki, his affinity of Suma, who had borne him a daughter, and the red-nosed Lady Suyetsumu of Hitachi.

Although the action is entirely in terms of motives remote and archaic, this volume is distinguished by Lady Murasaki's disconcertingly modern touch. Although she, woman like, finds pleasure in retailing Genji's appallingly easy conquests over her sex, she writes of each affair with sense and discrimination. Her novel is very close to our literature if only by the sense of sin revealed in the relations of Genji and Fujitsubo.

Murasaki is "modern" because she is interested not in events themselves, but in the effect of events in the minds of her characters; "modern," again says Mr. Waley, "owing to the accident that medieval Buddhism possessed certain psychological conceptions which happen to be current in Europe today. The idea that human personality is built up of different layers which may act in conflict, that an emotion may exist in the fullest intensity and yet be unperceived by the peson in whom it is at work—such conceptions were commonplace in ancient Japan."

Before returning to the narrative of "The Sacred Tree" it is well to consider Lady Murasaki's unusual descriptive powers. The "mot juste" is the essence of her style; the "pathetic fallacy" is scrupulously avoided, but the pathetic effect is always noted and, indeed, description is valued solely from the angle of effect.

As he made his way through the open country that stretched out endlessly on every side his heart was strangely stirred. The Autumn flowers were fading; along the reeds by the river the shrill voices of many insects blended with the mournful fluting of the wind in the pines.

Out beyond the bay a line of boats was passing, the fishermen singing as they rowed. So far off were these boats that they looked like a convoy of small birds afloat upon the high seas. With the sound of oars was subtly blended the crying of wild geese, each wanderer's lament swiftly matched by the voice of his close-following mate. How different his lot to theirs!

These are, indeed, the moods of the classics, which considered nature in terms of man; but of a classicism refined and sublimated to include the human emotions and the personality of the actors, as well as the deeds of heroes and the passions of the great.

Murasaki's characters are, however, almost pure qualities. She takes a human characteristic and assigns it to an individual. This is the way of melodrama, rather than art. Her characters do not alter; they remain essentially "straight parts." As in melodrama, the comic or the villainous types are most sympathetic. One learns to take Genji's amorous facilities for granted; one accepts little Murasaki's rôle as the patient Griselda and the Lady of Akashi's similarity to the beggar-maid wooed by Cophetua. But one has a start of gratified recognition when the husband-hunting father of the Lady of Akashi, on learning of Genji's exile in his neighborhood, "What a splendid opportunity for our girl!" When the Emperor Suzaku dreams that the old Emperor appeared to him from the grave, and warned him to recall Genji, he informs Kokiden, the enemy of Genji, who airily replies, "These stormy nights are very disturbing." Such touches are characterization in excelsis; but they are revelations rather than portrayals of character.

Two passages of "The Sacred Tree" bear out the atmosphere of modernity in this unparalleled novel. In the final chapter, there is an argument on literature which might, mutatis mutandis, have been culled from any contemporary literary review.

In the first contest of that archtype and parent of all romances, "The Bamboo Cutter's Story," was matched against the tale of Toshikage in "The Holy Tree." The partisans of antiquity defended their choice as follows: "We admit that this story, like the ancient bamboo-stem in which its heroine was found, has in the course of ages become a little loose in the joints. But the character of Lady Kaguya herself, so free from all stain of worldly impurity, so nobly elevated both in thought and conduct, carries us back to the age of the gods, and if such a tale fails to win your applause, this can only be because it deals with matters far beyond the reach of your frivolous feminine comprehensions." To this the other side replied: "The Sky Land to which Lady Kayuga was removed is indeed beyond our comprehensions, and we venture to doubt whether any such place exists. But if we regard merely the mundane part of your story, we find that the heroine emanated from a bamboo joint. This gives to the story from the start an atmosphere of low life which we for our part consider very disagreeable. We are told that from the lady's person there emanated a radiance which lit up every corner of her foster-father's house. But these fireworks, if we remember aright, cut a very poor figure when submitted to the august light of his majesty's palace. Moreover, the episode of the fire-proof ratskin ends very tamely * * *

Idealism and realism were, even then, the eternal bone of literary contentions.

Two Sweeping Appeals From the Verdict of History

Dr. Stieve and Miss Durham Suggest That the Wrong Side Won the War

IZVOLSKY AND THE WORLD WAR. By Frederick Stieve. 393 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
THE SERAJEVO CRIME. By M. Edith Durham. 206 pp. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

By P. W. WILSON

MANY are the books which today throw light on the origin of the war. In reading them we have to bear in mind that truth may not be their only object. On both sides there is propaganda. And while undoubtedly there will be historians in the future, we doubt very much whether they will be able to write history. With so many trees, the wood becomes a jungle.

Dr. Frederick Stieve writes from the German Foreign Office. Miss Durham is an English lady who, for many years, has dared the dangers of the Balkans. And both authors arrive at the same conclusion. It is not that the Germans and Austrians were hardly so black as they were painted. It is not that there were faults on both sides. It is that the Central Powers were innocent, that the Allies were guilty and that the wrong side won.

It is a view to be considered on its merits. But there may also be a motive. The Treaty of Versailles laid the blame for the war on Germany. And the militarists in Germany resent the verdict. If the verdict be reversed, so they argue, it will be possible to cancel reparations, to demand colonies and to bring back the Kaiser. Indeed, the logic of Miss Durham leads us further. If her view is justified the Hapsburgs also should be recalled and the dual monarchy restored not only in its integrity but with Serbia as an added item.

Dr. Stieve assumes without question the encirclement of Germany by the Triple Entente. Miss Durham is equally certain that Russia made the war for the sake of Constantinople. And both writers suggest that the murders at Serajevo are fatal to the ethics of the allied cause. Of the many and complicated issues discussed in these volumes, it is to this that we will devote attention.

An Archduke and his wife are assassinated; who then is responsible? It is an issue essentially judicial. And Miss Durham, we submit, weakens her advocacy at the outset by an obvious animus. She declares that "Balkan life" was "a sealed book" to Lord Grey and that England "failed to recognize the importance of Balkan politics." Every one who knows anything is aware that for months London was the scene of a Balkan settlement and that, as long as London was allowed by the Central Powers thus to adjust the differences, a general conflagration was avoided.

Dr. Stieve, on his side, seems to be unconscious of the fact that frequently he assumes one rule for Germany and another for the rest of the world. Take his treatment of events in July, 1914. The Kaiser might go anywhere and see anybody; he had visited the Czar, and Prince Henry of Prussia conferred at length with King George himself. But let M. Poincaré chat for a while with Nicholas on the port side of a yacht or at the opera and Germany takes offense. It is conspiracy.

Prussians might make the welkin ring with "Deutschland uber Alles" and "Die Wacht am Rhein." But if a military band in Petrograd dared to play the "Marche de Sambre et Meuse" and the "Marche Lorraine," or if at dinner an exuberant Grand Duchess Anastasia prophesied to M. Paleologue that, in the event of war, his country "will get Alsace Lorraine back," Dr. Stieve holds up his hands in horror. Indeed, the simple fact that M. Poincaré was applauded at a banquet, is set forth as an offense against the Fatherland. Yet the sentiment applauded was no more than the suggestion that Russia and France "have the same ideal of peace in power, honor and glory."

Dr. Stieve's case is thus that at a moment of supreme crisis, when every Admiral in Germany, every General, every soldier and sailor and every girl who could hand out coffee to the troops on the railways was told to be ready for action; no one outside Germany must travel without her consent, blow a trombone, or speak above a whisper.

This is not making out a case for Germany. It is, on the contrary, a revelation of the mentality at the German Foreign Office with which Europe as a whole had to deal. Merely to breathe was lèse-majesté. And the balance of power was a balance with the Central Powers in one scale and no Entente at all to be permitted in the other. With Germany and her allies free to make war, Britain is asked to declare a preliminary neutrality and is regarded as a menace to peace because she declined thus to abdicate her international status as a sovereign power.

Over the murders at Serajevo, Petrograd, like the rest of the world, was deeply disturbed. M. Poincaré, therefore, as a guest at the Russian capital, suggested to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador that reprisals against Serbia, if carried too far, might involve "complications." Unless diplomacy, other than German, was to be abolished altogether, we cannot imagine a hint at once more timely, more obvious or more quietly expressed. Yet Dr. Stieve trounces M. Poincaré for what he calls "the continuation of his efforts, pursued with iron resolution, to isolate and encircle the Central Powers." And Poincaré's statement that "Serbia has very warm friends among the Russian people" and that "Russia has an ally, France," is described as an "open threat to the representative of Austria-Hungary."

That the murders at Serajevo were arranged in Belgrade by the Black Hand; that the men selected to do the deed slipped across the frontier into Bosnia, and that the Serbian Government knew of the plot are facts, not only stated by Miss Durham today but known to every reader of newspapers in August, 1914. The question and the only question is whether, as a result of these facts, Serbia as a nation should have been wiped off the face of the earth. Miss Durham, who does not like the Serb officers when they kill Queen Draga and keep samples of her complexion in their pocketbooks, nor when they drink the blood of Bulgars as a sacrament, is frankly for obliteration. And when the Entente, "for the sake of their own interests," were unwilling to "let Serbia be destroyed," she says that "this judgment upon Great Britain is a bitter one to swallow." To be candid, there is no one quite so bloodthirsty as an argumentative pacifist. There may be a case for destroying Serbia, but strong evidence would have to be furnished.

In summing up the case, we will confine ourselves in the main to facts set forth by Miss Durham herself. That there was in Belgrade a movement in favor of Greater Serbia is history. And it cannot be denied that Serbian ambition conflicted with Austrian possession. But if that ambition be a capital offense, let us not forget that Poland and Czechoslovakia are not less guilty. You cannot prevent a nation being a nation.

Here, then, was Serbia, still little Serbia, living landlocked under the shadow of a powerful military autocracy, served by a conscript army in which millions of men could be mobilized instantly for aggressive attack. Yet when Serbia orders a few guns from France, an action entirely within her sovereign right, the great power retaliates by closing the entire frontier to trade, including the most convenient though even then indirect access to the sea.

Nor is this all. Early in 1914, the great power announces the concentration of two army corps, fully equipped for immediate hostilities, on the frontier of the small nation which is trying to settle down after two wars. The small nation suggests officially that such a concentration—which, by the way, coincided with Germany's "der tag"—was dangerous to peace. But the great power goes ahead, and, according to Miss Durham, quite rightly. She asks whether Lord Roberts would not consider himself justified to conduct manoeuvres on the frontier of India. Our answer is that never, so far as we are aware, has the Indian Government endangered the peace of Asia by a military concentration, thus wantonly provocative to a weaker, a neighboring and a friendly State.

That of which Serbia warned Austria is exactly what occurred. Officers in the Serbian Army received from a secret agent an authentic plan of attack on Serbia, devised in 1908 by the Austrian General Staff. And, in their minds, there was nothing to show that the "manoeuvres" were not to be, in fact, this mobilization for war. Miss Durham's attitude is here interesting. She does not utter a word of censure on the Austrians for planning an attack on Serbia. She is indignant, however, over the fact that Serbia found it out and reads a lecture against espionage.

As Miss Durham insists, the Black Hand, which resembled the Mafia in Italy, was not formed for any particular assassination. King Alexander and Queen Draga were victims. And Prime Minister Pashitch was nearly a victim. The Government, faced by Austro-Hungarian bayonets across the frontier, could no more control these mistaken patriots than Ireland, under the Black and Tans, could control the scores of sharpshooters who fired repeated volleys at Lord French. But, as Miss Durham frankly admits, the Serbian Government gave confidential warning to the Austro-Hungarian Minister responsible for Bosnia and even pleaded that the Archduke should not be exposed to risk. To Miss Durham's evidence, we may add, perhaps, our own. We have consulted records of August, 1914, which show conclusively that, according to news published in London, Count Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, also tried to dissuade the Archduke from his perilous journey, but that he insisted on going. It was also stated that, on the pretext that the occasion was military, the civil police were withdrawn. It is an assertion that, whether confirmed or not, explains why numerous extremists, well known to the Austrian authorities, were able, without let or hindrance, to take up a prominent position in Serajevo, a small town where, under the circumstances, every child should have been certified.

On these facts it is not clear that Austria-Hungary had any case at all against Serbia, much less a case that entitled her to terminate Serbia's career as a nation. Nor can we accept Miss Durham's statement that Serbia preferred war to exposure. Serbia's acceptance of the Austrian ultimatum, almost as it stood, and her appeal to the powers to adjudicate on the unsettled points, coupled with Austria's long silence and short time limit, suggest a very different conclusion.

Both Dr. Stieve and Miss Durham mention evidence calculated to show that Russia's military attaché, Artamanov, was "aware of the plot."

When in May, 1914, Danilo Ilitch went to Belgrade and announced that he had found the men and all was ready for the attentat (attempted assassination) except the arms and money, Colonel Dimitrijevitch summoned the Russian military attaché, Artamanov, to inform him and ask him what would be thought of it in Russia. Artamanov told him to wait a day or two. A few days afterwards he informed Dimitrijevitch that Russia agreed and that in case of war she would be at Serbia's side. Colonel Dimitrijevitch had had to wait while Artamanov consulted Pashitch and King Alexander, by means of the Russian Minister, Hartwig, and also his own Government.

The quotation is from an article in the Le Fédération Balkanique signed Vladimirov. "Should this be confirmed," writes Dr. Stieve, "it would show that the crime was prepared as a Russian blow at the Dual Monarchy."

In the seething caldron of the Balkans, it would be no matter for surprise if a good many attachés had their doubts whether the manoeuvres on the Serbian frontier would pass off peacefully. But an insinuation that the Russian Government sought to obtain Constantinople by authorizing officially the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand is one which both these authors should have treated fully or not at all. When Lord Frederick Cavendish was murdered in Phoenix Park, the allegation that Parnell was implicated occupied three leading judges for months. And when sifted, it completely broke down. Yet letters, apparently autograph, were produced. For a decadent Czardom we hold no brief. But the attempt to make the Czardom responsible for these abominable murders and so to suggest that the Czar would go even to that length in order to get into a war which wrecked his throne, seems to be an additional reason for mistrusting this latest appeal to "history." Our authors must remember that there were parties in Austria-Hungary herself who had reasons for wishing the Archduke out of the way.

To anticipate the verdict of history would be folly in a reviewer who doubts if history will return a verdict. Much in pre-war Europe was rotten. And there was one way only of keeping the peace. That way was disarmament. It was a way repeatedly proposed and always rejected without discussion. The real case against Germany is that she was the power which, from 1870 onward, refused to allow disarmament to be mentioned in European diplomacy. It was a nonposumus, at once persistent and unchallengeable. The sword was the weapon that Germany herself chose. And never was the sword wielded with greater skill and a more terrible effect.

England, France and Germany in 1914.

From "Things New and Old," by Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann.)

About Books, *More or Less:* Various Items

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

SENTIMENTALITY, says Henry Seidel Canby in his excellent little manual, "Better Writing" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.), "is the curse of writing in America." If Dr. Canby had said that sentimentality used to be the curse of writing in America before the year 1920, there could be no two sides to the proposition. Today I am not so sure. Today, I think, a little sentiment now and then would do no harm to the best of writing men. Dr. Canby has a chapter on the disabilities and diseases which the writing profession is heir to. He draws a parallel with glandular maladjustment in the human body. Some authors are deficient in intellectual juices. Some of them secrete too much emotion. Let us say, then, that if there is such a thing as a sentimental gland, it needs, in the majority of our serious writers, something stimulating in a bottle to be taken before or after meals. If Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright work their sentimental glands overtime, the opposite school must not allow itself to be irritated into overstimulating the sardonic secretions. Hand upon heart, what is the problem of literary overproduction that we face today—catharsis or katzenjammer, saccharin or tabasco?

That the problem exists is obviously recognized by Dr. Canby. His remarks on The Sentimental are immediately preceded by a badly needed caution on the subject of good manners, by which the author doesn't in the least mean what used to be called good taste. As between good taste and making a point worth making, let good taste go by the board. But here is Walt Whitman—cited by our author—who in the space of seven lines manages to take cognizance of the abject louse, the silk-nosed maggot, the dog's snout sniffing for garbage, emetics, laudanum, caoutchouc and hog's fat. Were they all essential for snaring the truth and running down the beautiful? Dr. Canby doubts. "Every subject, harsh, angry, cutting, or amiable, has its own good or bad mannered way of expression." Of course. Then why the present enormous vogue of the Whitman manner as illustrated above? The author's explanation is perfect. "Here is an ill-mannered piece from Walt Whitman trying to bastinado his audience into attention." Exactly. The method of securing the reader's attention now most in favor calls for such thoroughly unsentimental devices as dynamite, asafetida and the meataxe.

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BECAUSE the present writer has regularly beaten the drum for the little red volumes in the Today and Tomorrow Series (Dutton), he now feels at liberty to state that the latest contribution to the series, C. H. Bretherton's "Midas, or The United States and the Future" isn't at all a good book. It badly needs a tonic for the sentimental gland. When this little red family got off to such a splendid start a couple of years ago with J. B. S. Haldane and Bertrand Russell, its success may have been due in considerable measure to the acid and edge which these two men brought to the consideration of Daedalus and Icarus. But Haldane and Russell obviously had something more than the gift and desire for caustic epigram. They had a provocative thesis which they chose to dress up, properly enough, in a provocative, if occasionally impudent, style. In one or two of the recent volumes I detect an inclination to be smart and let the chips fall where they may.

Haldane and Russell had something besides a thesis. They had, of course, knowledge. One of them knows all about chemistry and the other knows all about mathematics. While this does not necessarily mean that they know all about people and nations, still it creates a presumption. At any rate, the present reviewer is willing to receive his nutriment in the proportion of one wise crack to one fact. Mr. Bretherton's data about the United States fail to maintain the proportion. Among the facts which he says cannot be ignored is that "the negro increases much faster than the white American." This is not so. He says that the election of United States Senators was originally intended to rest with the State Legislatures, but that these "have in most cases become the mere mouthpiece through which the choice of the people is confirmed." This is not so; United States Senators are now popularly elected. He says that we have accelerated legislation by the majority through "the adoption of the initiative and referendum." This is news. If Mr. Bretherton's information on the United States were a bit more authentic I possibly would not balk, as I do now, at his prophecy that ultimately the President of the United States will be selected by a board of college professors. They "will add to their first award a footnote to the effect that, judged by the most exhaustive psychological tests, the candidate's composite capacity for reacting to mass impulse is considerably below that of the average peddler of patent medicine." Except for inducing the present reviewer to lose his temper, I don't see that this gets anywhere.

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QUITE a different proposition is the little sister volume by Colonel Fuller, "Pegasus, or Problems of Transportation." Nothing more need be said than that it is fascinating in itself and in the best traditions of the series. It has knowledge and imagination. Having spread so much on the record, I would seize on a single little phrase of the author's, not by way of criticism, but as a text. "From war," says Colonel Fuller, "turn to barter, amicable warfare." Here again, it seems to me, is a touch of that conscious anti-sentimentality discussed at the beginning of the present demurrer. The resolve to pierce down beneath the surface of appearances to realistic "motives" sometimes leads, not to reality, but to epigram. Why is barter amicable warfare? You may say of wars for democracy that they are really wars for markets. You may say of maternal love that it is really self-interest. You may say of the martyr that he is only engaged in compensating an inferiority complex. You may say it.

But, after all, what can there be more innocent, even more commendable, than barter? It calls up such apparently harmless and attractive pictures as simple fishermen casting their nets for fish and exchanging them for butter and eggs produced with similar labor and innocence. It calls up stone hatchets exchanged for tiger pelts, old women squatting over vegetable stalls in the marketplace, smiths at the forge, plowmen in the field, caravans tracking through the desert. Why describe barter as "amicable warfare" unless it be the passionate resolve to discard the natural pleasant explanation if an uglier explanation can be found, to exalt the realistic explanation which is not true above the sentimental explanations which happens to be true?

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JUDGED merely by its effectiveness as a weapon of offense I doubt whether there is a great deal to be said for the epigrammatic method. International banditry, democracy, capitalism, Puritanism, the human race as a whole, are not likely to succumb to the delicate sneer. There are only two effective methods of attack. One is to hit out savagely and the other is to laugh out aloud with full lungs. The one way is frontal attack with all the artillery and tanks one can muster. The other way is sapping the enemy's positions until some day his trenches cave in or go up in the air, to the enemy's extreme surprise and discomfiture, Marcel Le Goff in his "Anatole France at Home" (Adelphi Company) has set down M. Anatole's reply to the suggestion of his friends that he write something about the war when that war was still under way. The sage of La Béchellerie demurred:

> One would have to have the enormous laughter of a Rabelais and construct an immense farce. The present situation is analogous to that of the sixteenth century after the Reformation. It is impossible to introduce any truth except through farce. Men gone mad won't listen to any voice that may be speaking seriously and telling the truth. Perhaps by making fun of things it would be possible to make some light criticism of the present time. Yes, one would have to have the genius of Rabelais. It would be a fine and worthwhile thing to write a Pantagruel. In it one would be freer to say whatever he wanted. Men who won't stand for any criticism of their idols do tolerate jesting.

Whether men who have gone mad will listen to laughter more easily than to serious voices engaged in the truth may be doubted. But at least it will be noted that the only alternative to speaking out seriously, contemplated by Anatole France, is speaking out in rollicking farce. The parlor epigram has the virtue of neither method. It does not break through and it does not pierce. It has irritation without penetration. Its usual effect is to call attention not to the evil which is assailed, but to the gentleman who does the assailing. Mr. Bretherton is sufficiently pleased with one of his barbed shafts to discharge it twice: the sole preoccupations of mankind, he says, are "food, fighting and females." This does serve to concentrate attention on the author. But it adds neither to our knowledge of, nor our resentment against, a human race which has always been understood to be greatly interested in self-preservation and self-perpetuation. Is it a good epigram? I wonder. But in any case, it is a statement which the present writer refuses to accept from one who is misinformed on the negro birth rate and the way we elect our United States Senators.

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IN general, then, it may be said that making polished little witticisms is no way to treat a human race or a capitalistic régime or a murderous international system, or a debased code of ethics. There are just two effective ways, as has been already pointed out. Either you must be furious or you must be hilarious. Acid will not do. One must write with rage. To get results one must either stimulate the risible glands or the hatred glands. Dr. Canby quotes from Anatole France's "Penguin Island," as an example of stylistic lucidity and economy, the famous lines describing the beginnings of penguin social organization. We may translate from the original French for another purpose:

> The holy Maël clasped his hands and emitted a heavy sigh.
>
> "Look, son," he cried. "See the madman on top of his prostrate adversary, tearing away with his teeth at his enemy's nose. See that other man pounding away at a woman's skull with a heavy stone."
>
> "I see them," said Bulloch. "They are creating Law. They are laying the foundations of Property. They are establishing the groundwork of Civilization, of Society, and of courts of justice."
>
> "I don't understand," said old Maël.
>
> "By setting bounds to their fields. That is the origin of all government. Your penguins, master, are now performing the most exalted functions. In the course of ages their work will be sanctified by the lawmakers and ratified and defended by the magistrates."

Now that is something like it. Or, if your talents run in a different direction, you might use W. S. Gilbert's methods now on exhibition on West Forty-fifth Street:

> *When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,*
> *As every child can tell,*
> *The House of Lords throughout the war*
> *Did nothing in particular,*
> *And did it very well.*

That, too, has its effect. But this business of simultaneously flicking a cigarette ash into the grate and a bon mot at the Churches or the Industrial System—

The Library School class in Indexing of the New York State Library has prepared a new and complete index for May Lamberton Becker's "The Reader's Guide," published by Henry Holt & Co. This index will be incorporated in future editions of the book, but it is also being printed separately and may be obtained free of charge by those who have bought earlier editions.

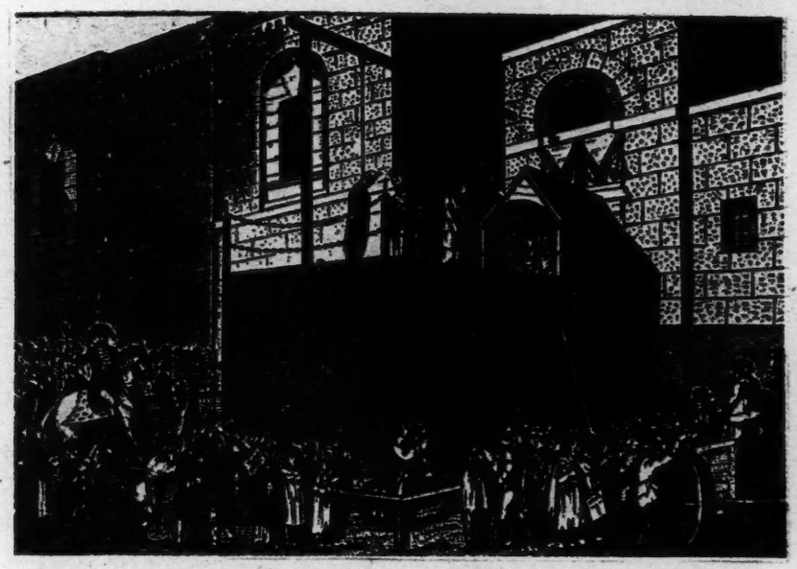
SKIPPER AND STYLIST TOO

Felix Riesenberg.

His Latest Volume, "Vignettes of the Sea" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.), Was Reviewed in These Columns on April 25.

Rogues, Rascals and Rapscallions All

Several New Volumes That Deal With Unconventional Conduct



View of an Execution Before the Debtor's Door of Newgate.

From "The Newgate Calendar." Introduction by Henry Savage. Edwin Valentine Mitchell.

THE ROGUES' BOOKSHELF. Edited by Ernest Brennecke Jr. Lazarillo de Tormes. Ferdinand, Count Fathom, by Tobias Smollett. The Unfortunate Traveler, by Thomas Nashe. Jonathan Wild, by Henry Fielding. New York: Greenberg, Inc.

THE BOOK OF THE ROGUE. Edited by Joseph Lewis French. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.

THE NEWGATE CALENDAR. Introduction by Henry Savage. Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $3.50.

THE LIBRARY OF CRIME. Famous Judges and Famous Trials, by Charles Kingston. Unsolved Murder Mysteries, by Charles E. Pearce. Famous Crimes and Criminals, by C. L. McCluer Stevens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE rogue in literature is practically as ancient as the rogue in life. Since Cain raised an inordinate interest because of his murder of Abel this public absorption in the manoeuvres and derring-do of rascals has never abated, although there have been eras when the swagger of the scoundrel has been somewhat soft-pedaled. Even the Victorian period, with all its reticences, succumbed to the picturesque qualities of the rogue, and a marked quality of Charles Dickens's work, for instance, is the gusto (there is no other word for it) with which he drew such rapscallions as Bill Sikes and Fagin and Mr. Quilp of Tower Hill. There are, of course, many ways of explaining our interest in rascals. One of them is the intimation that we live vicarious lives of sin while reading about them. Be the reason what it may, there is assuredly a large public for books which contain a rogue as the prime character or works concerned with rascals as a whole. Just at the present moment various purveyors of books to their Majesties the Public seem excessively aware of this widespread interest, for the number of volumes concerned with rascals, crooks, criminals and rogues, both real and fictional, is extraordinarily large. Not all of these books are new by any means, and, indeed, one of the most appetizing (both in format and content) of series concerned with this type of letters is "The Rogues' Bookshelf," edited by Ernest Brennecke Jr.

The aim of this series is to include (and a quotation may be made from the helpful blurb) "the most celebrated and fascinating stories of thieves, gamblers, highwaymen, swindlers, debauchees—jolly rascals of every description—with their schemes, trials, triumphs, punishments." Appropriately enough, "The Rogues' Bookshelf" opens with "The Pleasant History of Lazarillo de Tormes." This brief masterpiece, written by an unknown hand in Spain in the middle of the sixteenth century, is the first of the picaresque novels, novels that lifted the rogue ("picaro" being the Spanish word for that insouciant creature) into the realms of lasting fiction. "Lazarillo de Tormes" established a form that has never really vanished, and Carl Van Doren indicates briefly how the type has persisted. It influenced Cervantes, for instance, kindled the imagination of various Elizabethan writers and gave hints to Fielding and Smollett and Borrow and Thackeray. In France it came to a head in Le Sage's "Gil Blas." And in America the curious reader may trace its influence down to "Huckleberry Finn" and "Jurgen." It is, in short, the narrative of the wandering rogue, the happy rapscallion who exists by his wits and the cozening of others. Other examples of this form are to be found in the three additional volumes in "The Rogues' Bookshelf" which have come to hand.

"The Unfortunate Traveler, or The Life of Jack Wilson," by Thomas Nashe, for instance, is one of the greatest rogue stories of "good Queen Bess's" day. This Wilson, who swashbuckles through Flanders, England and Italy, is a prime example of the picaresque type. Blood brother to him but, perhaps, a trifle more finished in outward aspects is the hero (if he may be called a hero) of Tobias Smollett's "The Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom." Smollet was one of the three great English masters of the rogue novel (the other two being Daniel De Foe and Henry Fielding), and this wandering narrative of Ferdinand the swindler and trickster is among his best works. There is an Elizabethan smack about Smollet, a disconcerting frankness and free vulgarity, but it is all aboveboard and never vicious. It is natural to find cheek by jowl with Smollett's novel "The History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild," by Henry Fielding. Jonathan, who picked the parson's pocket while he was on the gallows, is one of the immortal representatives of roguery. In Fielding's book there is an "aliveness" about him that is extraordinarily taking. Indeed, this is one of the foremost aspects of the literature of the rogue. They all live with a gusto that is often denied their more holy and sedate brethren who follow the narrow path. Lazarillo de Tormes, Jack Wilson, Ferdinand Fathom and Jonathan Wild are a quartet of scoundrels whose actions we may deprecate on moral grounds but who yet arouse in us a curious friendliness that is quite apart from approving them. They are such jolly rogues, for the most part, so sparkling and touched with the livelinesses of existence, and they are so well pictured by their creators that we lose sight of their criminality. They exist, as it were, on a plane by themselves, much as the delicate debauchees of Restoration comedy exist in a peculiar amoral world of their own. Various introductions have been added to these excellent reprints, Mr. Van Doren (as noted before) appearing in the "Lazarillo de Tormes" volume, while Ernest Boyd introduces "Ferdinand, Count Fathom," Samuel C. Chew, "The Unfortunate Traveler," and John Macy, "Jonathan Wild." All these introductions are what we expect them to be, keen-witted and gracefully conceived entrées to the text that follows.

Mr. Joseph Lewis French, the anthologist, is a man who apparently keeps up with current trends. When sea stories are in high favor he is sure to get out an anthology of nautical yarns and when detective stories are up he produces an excellent array of such tales. Now that rogues appear to be in high favor he obliges with "The Book of the Rogue." He has ransacked literature for his favorites and the result is a book which contains many a famous effort. There is Robert Louis Stevenson's "François Villon," for instance, and Charles Whibley's "Gilderoy" and Carlyle's "Dr. Cagliostro," and Oscar Wilde's "Griffiths Wainewright," to note a representative quartet. It is decidedly entertaining to go through these well-written pictures of the various degrees of high rascality and refresh one's memory of these murderers, thieves, pretenders, quacks and ruffians. The extremes range from William Ireland, the literary forger, to Slade the border ruffian, and from Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, to that of Arthur Orton, who upset English society for so many years with his claims to the title of Sir Roger Tichborne. These, of course, are all famous people and the names will undoubtedly be familiar to the average reader. To find figures of lesser consequence and yet of vast interest one must turn to "The Newgate Calendar Comprising Interesting Memoirs of the Most Notorious Characters Who Have Been Convicted of Outrages on the Laws of England. With Speeches, Confessions and Last Exclamations of Sufferers." Henry Savage, who introduces this engrossing work, is apparently the editor as well, for this edition of "The Newgate Calendar" is no more than a selection from a work that is many times as long as the one herewith presented. Two attorneys-at-law, Knapp and Baldwin, edited the original "Newgate Calendar," gathering their material for the most part from the Sessions' Papers of the Old Bailey. They added much to the sheerly legal matter and spiced the whole with their peculiarly dry and humorless style of narrative, a style that is unconsciously comical in spite of the evident seriousness of the two writers. Messrs. Knapp and Baldwin believed in drawing a moral wherever it was possible to draw one. There are but few famous figures treated in "The Newgate Calendar," and perhaps the most outstanding are Captain Kidd, Richard Savage and Elizabeth Brownrigg. But it is not in the famous figures and their nefarious doings and just punishments that the reader will be interested especially. It is rather in those lesser rascals embalmed for all time like flies in the amber of Messrs. Knapp and Baldwin's curiously dry prose. "The Newgate Calendar" is an old treasure-trove.

If "The Rogues' Bookshelf" is a new library of masterpieces of crime, "The Library of Crime" is a new series of criminal episodes which might have been masterpieces. The trouble with this series is that it is badly edited, written in a slovenly manner and miserably bound. The sheets of these books appear to be cut down from a larger English format and the result is a page that is practically marginless and consequently unappetizing to peruse. This is altogether too bad, just as it is too bad that the narrators did not take more trouble with their material. The three volumes at hand include "Famous Judges and Famous Trials" by Charles Kingston, who will be remembered as the author of "Dramatic Days at the Old Bailey"; "Unsolved Murder Mysteries" by Charles E. Pearce, and "Famous Crimes and Criminals" by C. L. McCluer Stevens. Mr. Kingston has arbitrarily chosen a dozen English Judges for his various chapters, and they include, among others, such famous figures as Lord Blackburn, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. Naturally, a survey of the careers of these dispensers of justice must include many an affaire célèbre and so far as material in itself goes the reader will be well enough rewarded. But the writer takes too cursory an attitude toward his rich stores of material. He dissipates the interest by an unselectiveness and an altogether too brief attention to the various cases. In "Unsolved Murder Mysteries" Mr. Pearce dredges up many a forgotten case that thrilled its generation. To note just a few, there is the unexplained murder of Benjamin Nathan, the mystery of the death of Mary Rogers (a case, by the way, which Edgar Allan Poe used in one of his most famous short stories), the Harley Street mystery and the case of Dr. Parkman. This material is so entertaining in itself that even the bad writing cannot dissipate the reader's absorption. "Famous Crimes and Criminals" by C. L. McCluer Stevens is a volume cut from the very same cloth as Mr. Pearce's book. Here we have such old favorites as Chicago May, Belle Gunness and her murder farm, Adam Worth, who stole the Duchess of Gainsborough picture, "Harry the Valet" and "Jim the Penman," that favorite of the melodramas of our youth. These various tales "carry on" because of the interest implicit in the facts themselves. They are unusual, colored by extraordinary phases, and they pique our curiosity. If literary labor had been expended in narrating them, the result would have been more pleasing. "The Library of Crime" as a whole cannot compare with "The Rogues' Bookshelf," but perhaps this is too much to expect. After all, "The Rogues' Bookshelf" is a collection of masterpieces that time has approved and "The Library of Crime" belongs nearer to mere thrilling journalism. Now, journalism in itself is not bad, and there is no reason why the reader should not enjoy the recitation of crimes that have yet to be adorned with literary garments, but it does seem as though time might be more laudably passed in the company of Henry Fielding or Tobias Smollett than in that of Mr. Pearce or Mr. Stevens. However, the reader will make his own choice, and if he is an omnivorous reader so far as rascality in books is concerned, he will probably find time to include both "The Rogues' Bookshelf" and "The Library of Crime." He must not forget "The Newgate Calendar," however, for it is an excellent connecting link between the two types of writing.

Preface and Postscript to Oscar Wilde

NEW PREFACE TO "THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS OF OSCAR WILDE." By Frank Harris and Lord Alfred Douglas. 55 pp. London: The Fortune Press, Twelve Buckingham Palace Road.

OSCAR WILDE FROM PURGATORY. Psychic messages edited by Hester Travers Smith. 179 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.

THE apparently unending flood of Wildiana (and any one gleaning into Stuart Mason's Oscar Wilde bibliography will glean an idea an idea of the amazing quantity of books and articles about the wit of the '90s) is somewhat invigorated by the additions of "New Preface to 'The Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde'," composed by those two veteran controversialists, Frank Harris and Lord Alfred Douglas, and "Oscar Wilde From Purgatory," a work by Miss Hester Travers Smith which purports to give various messages sent by Wilde from the "other world" via the ouija board and automatic writing. Invigorated is the proper word, for Wildiana has fallen upon dull days.

It is now some years since Frank Harris wrote his two-volume "The Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde," a work which he himself is not at all averse to describing as the best biography ever written. Perhaps it is. But Lord Alfred Douglas, known to the major part of the civilized world as the late Oscar Wilde's particular friend and the person to whom "De Profundis" was written as an unconscionably long letter, did not think so, and, indeed, intimated that he had been misrepresented, vilified and otherwise unfairly treated in the biography. It is the purpose of this new joint product by Lord Alfred and Frank Harris to place Lord Alfred in a better light so far as the catastrophe that befell Wilde is concerned. Both men met some time ago on the French Riviera and apparently Lord Alfred adduced sufficient proof to cause Frank Harris to write a "New Preface" to his life of Wilde wherein he set forth Lord Alfred's side of the matter. But Mr. Harris discovered that it would cost too much to change the plates of his book, an action upon which Lord Alfred insisted, and therefore he dropped the matter, sent the "New Preface" to Lord Alfred and told him he might do what he thought best about it.

Lord Alfred has now published this "New Preface" as a book by itself. It is impossible for the general student to arrive at any clear and definite understanding of the relations between Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas. Such an achievement would require private information which could not be easily disseminated. But it may be pointed out that Lord Alfred, in this "New Preface," lays the onus for the bad light in which he has so far been presented to the inaccurate statements of the late Robert Ross. The "New Preface" twists into a vitriolic and damning attack on Ross, who was Wilde's executor. The reader may be referred to the book, where he may arrive at his own conclusions, for, after all, the reviewer cannot throw any light on stark, unadorned accusations concerning a troubled relationship that existed thirty years ago.

The second addition to the Wildiana lists is "Oscar Wilde from Purgatory," a book that is both amusing and depressing. It consists of a number of purported "communications" from the Beyond by Wilde, his outlet being the ouija board (which, in this country, at least, has fallen into oblivion and been relegated to the attic along with mah jong sets) and automatic writing. It is amusing in that there are moments when the airy insouciance of Wilde is faintly suggested and it is depressing in that, for the most part, the reader is unpleasantly aware of how the Beyond stales one's wit. "Oscar" speaks hollowly. His criticism is bad. Apparently there is no growth on the other side. The spirit voice boasts that he can understand the intentions of living writers by gazing into their spiritual intents, but he must be an astigmatic gazer, for he does not see very far. Miss Smith goes on to relate the mechanics employed in calling back the wraith of Oscar Wilde. She should be advised, for the sake of Oscar, to let him slumber on in peace. This is not his world any longer.

Six Lyric Poets on the Wing

Volumes of Verse by Edward Davison, Genevieve Taggard, Virginia Moore and Others

Edward Davison

HARVEST OF YOUTH. By Edward Davison. 115 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

EPISODES AND EPISTLES. Poems by "W. L." 80 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

WORDS FOR THE CHISEL. By Genevieve Taggard. 85 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

WIDE PASTURES. By Marie Emilie Gilchrist. 105 pp. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

NOT POPPY. By Virginia Moore. 107 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

AVENUES OF SONG. By Mary Ballard Duryee. 80 pp. New York: The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc.

HAD these six lyric poets been all of the feminine gender, as four out of the six are, some lilting reference might have been made to the Florodora Sextette; but the presence in the group of that brilliant young Englishman, Edward Davison, as well as that of "W. L.," made impossible so light-hearted a jest. And perhaps, after all, the notion was not entirely fitting; for although each and every member of that celebrated chorus was herself a lyric (as we have credibly been informed by our elders) the very nature of their undertaking made it inevitable that they incline toward the frivolous. The lady poets of the present company, while not eschewing lightness and sprightliness in their art—indeed, even seeking these qualities—can scarcely be called frivolous. The lyrics of Genevieve Taggard, Marie Emilie Gilchrist, Virginia Moore and Mary Ballard Duryee are on a very high plane, and quite worth the serious consideration of every poetry lover.

Mr. Davison's volume, to which he gives the title "Harvest of Youth," is a collection of some forty lyrics, all that seemed to him worth preserving of the several hundred poems written since he was 18. He is now about 28. It will be apparent that the war was practically over before Mr. Davison began to write anything in his opinion "worth preserving," but several of his lyrics are related more or less distinctly to after-the-war condition and are born of the reactions of the period immediately following cessation of hostilities.

A great deal of the poetry in "Harvest of Youth," indeed, the greater portion of it, is scarcely short of notable. Mr. Davison is a true poet, and if he keeps on as he has begun there would seem no reason why he should not figure in the British succession. Tennyson, for example, began turning out poetry at about the age of 18, "Poems by Two Brothers," marking his début in book form. A hasty glance backward at some of the pieces contained in that initial volume, and a comparison made between the best of them and Mr. Davison's sonnet, "At Tyne Dock," written at the same age, will, one does not hesitate to say, give all the advantage to the present-day writer. This is the sonnet:

There were no trees upon our Avenue;
The gutters stank. At number Sixty-two
Mr. and Mrs. Pile and thirteen kids
Lived in two rooms (whose walls were coffin lids),
And Mrs. Behrsing kept a seamen's home
In six rooms at the largest corner house;
Stood at the door in her old dirty blouse,
Smoked a clay pipe and drank unwatered rum.

But I sat still and watched my mother cry,
Or read Hans Andersen without a cure,
And some old tale about the golden hair
Of a Princess that swept across the sky
Netting the stars, and heard the drunken crew
Fight and curse Christ upon the Avenue.

To be sure, this has not the gentlemanliness of Tennyson's early verse, which, from the very outset, showed the poet reaching forth to grasp beauty. The yearning for beauty makes its appearance in Davison at a later stage; nor is it at any time quite so insistent as with the Victorian Laureate. But there is in "Tyne Dock" a remorseless instinct for truth, even for truth objectively unpleasant; and a sureness of artistic touch. And the mingling of the realistic objectivity of the octave with the airy lyricism of the sextet is something which must have made fortunate readers of the sonnet in manuscript say at the time that here was a young poet destined to go far.

It would be a delight to follow Davison's poetic progress as shown in the successive pieces—they are arranged chronologically in "Harvest of Youth." Unfortunately, this cannot be done; but before we desert him at least two short lyrics must be quoted. Both belong to the year 1920. The first, entitled "Epitaph," is a single quatrain; the second, "Once," consists of a pair of quatrains. "Epitaph" has that rare, that very rare, kind of beauty which has been achieved in English poetry in highest perfection only by Ben Jonson and Walter Savage Landor. Mr. Davison's quatrain does not quite succeed in rivaling the best of either of these; but it partakes of the beauty individual to the work of each, and, in a way, seems to blend their individual notes. "Once" will strike one as the sort of elegiac lyric which Byron was always seeking to write—and never achieving. This is "Epitaph":

Here a pure lady gave the dust
Her body, and the flowers her breath,
And yet had beauty left to thrust
A further dignity on Death.

Is there not here the marble dignity of Jonson's epigrammatic poetry together with the lyric dignity of Landor's? To strain for a characterization, Davison's is a singing epitaph. In "Once" the singing is more pronounced, as it should be, inasmuch as the lyric, if in any sense an epitaph, is the epitaph of a mood.

Once in the Spring of Youth I swore
"Though all this love prove bitter, yet
Clear memory for evermore
Will sweeten each sad thought of it."

And now with that long sickness past
I scarce remember or believe
I ever thought that it could last,
And grieve because I cannot grieve.

There is no space to animadvert on Davison's feeling for nature, which he sees objectively, for its own truth, without confusion with emotional reaction. There is not space to go at length into his reaches of thought. But the reader is admonished not to pass by "Harvest of Youth" if he wishes to acquaint himself with a poet who not only is of singular and inspiring promise, but also of astonishing and inspiring attainment.

Genevieve Taggard

Photo by Nikolas Muray.

Virginia Moore

The few poems by "W. L." to which are given the title "Episodes and Epistles" are about as far removed from the work of Edward Davison as one might find. We know nothing of "W. L.," but a reader's guess would be that he is an arch-pessimist seeking escape from his pessimism. Of course, this may do him injustice; he may be merely a literary buffoon. The publisher quotes Carl Sandburg as saying of one of "W. L.'s" poems (which one is not stated) "I know the ashes and tears of all its lines. It is a document and a chant." Mr. Sandburg is considerable of a poet in his own right, and a mere reviewer hesitates to differ with him in critical matters. But to the present writer at least most of "Episodes and Epistles" seems so palpably strained as to have little significance as document, and to be devoid of everything which makes memorable a chant. For the most part "W. L." appears to him as perverse in poetry as Ben Hecht is in the realm of prose—although it must be added that in the former there is nothing which brought the latter into conflict with the censor. A short quotation of "W. L.'s" art-madness only will be given. The reader must not take it as standing for all of the poet's work, some of which has a certain rough, stabbing sort of beauty, and an ironic view of life, not lacking in stimulative effectiveness. The quotation is from a poem called "Girl," and is by no means the extreme reached by some of the pieces.

your (hush) throat
tremulous (open)
barely is swerving
into breathless
ravine of
breast barely
swoon-curving

still beyond
your perfect act of
body actually
wonderfully is
happening
outside you
(like Spring
happening)
something (possibly
your eyes grey)
perhaps (hoarse)
your voice (remembering
over husky stone
wind windways flung).

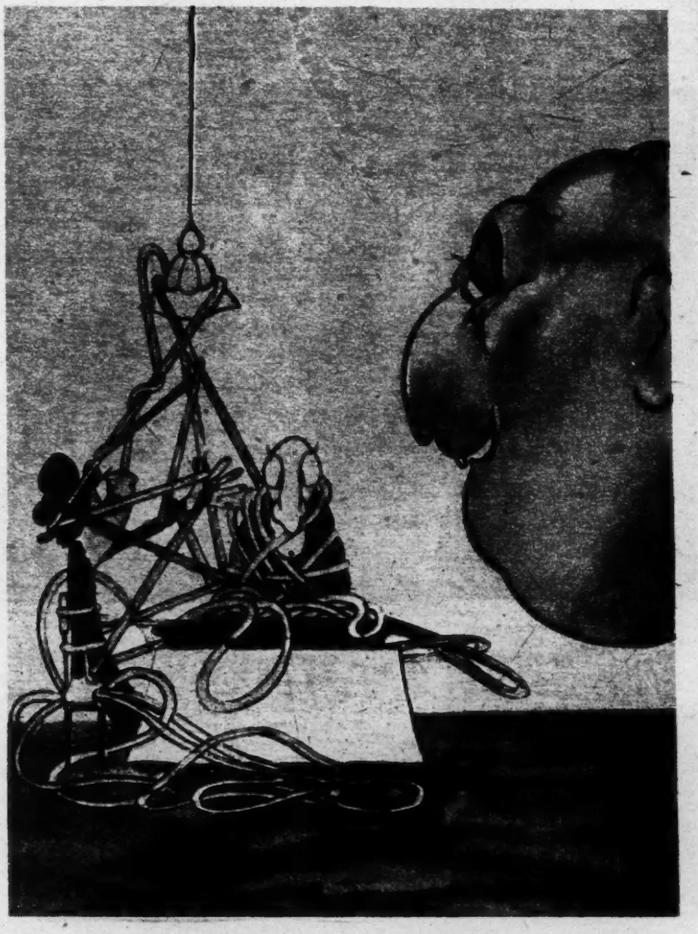
We have no means of knowing the age of "W. L.," but we feel certain that if he is anything this side of 90 he will recover from his pessimism regarding life and art, and in such an event the real strength that he now and again displays will prove an asset of genuine worth. There are a few pieces in "Episodes and Epistles" in which the tendency to the exotic is held within bounds, and these quite repay inspection. The complaint against the author is that they are so few. Some fifteen or twenty years ago such abortive creations as these by "W. L." might have been ascribed to a poetic revolt as honest in its inception as it was mistaken in its efforts. But that time has passed and "Episodes and Epistles," coming at this late day, strike one as caricatures of poems.

Genevieve Taggard's name is not unfamiliar, and in this poet's present offering, "Words for the Chisel," will be found some of her most perfect work. The first poem of the book, "Poppy Juice," has not before (according to the advertisement) been published. The remaining pieces have appeared in various magazines. "Poppy Juice" is a fairly long dramatic narrative, much in the Masefieldian manner. The story is of hula girls and smugglers and opium and leprosy; and it is very well done. The atmosphere is well achieved and the descriptive lines are highly effective. A monotone of sadness runs throughout the poem, giving an effect of orchestral accompaniment that lends color to the piece. For quotation, however, it is necessary to go to the lyrics, so that a poem may be given in entirety. This, entitled

(Continued on Page 25)

Gastronomic Gambols of An Unabashed Glutton

William Caine's "Gross and Carnal" Study of an Heroic Appetite in Action



Spaghetti.

From a Drawing by William Caine.

***THE GLUTTON'S MIRROR.** By William Caine. Illustrated by the author. 88 pp. New York: The Adelphia Company. $2.50.*

By JOHN CARTER

THE hero of this gastronomic extravaganza is the appetite. A series of twenty-five stories, accompanied by pictures—or pictures accompanied by stories—narrates poignant episodes in the greatness and decline of a noble appetite confronted with food. As the author remarks in his opening page: "The tone of this book is as gross and carnal as I could possibly make it." "The idea of the book," he adds, "is simply that it should be sold for money."

To Stephen Graham the reader is indebted for an introduction which explains that William Caine "was one of the most versatile Bohemians of his time: a clever novelist, a genius in extravaganza, a gifted sentimental writer."

He loved to amuse people and, above all, to give them pleasant surprises. It may be said he spent most of his life inventing pleasant surprises for his readers and his friends. And this "Glutton's Mirror" was to have been one of the surprises of this Autumn.

Alas! for fate, which surprised him instead. Death intervened. He had been twelve years or more under sentence, so to speak * * * he knew one day his heart would fail. Last Summer it happened. He came from a dance radiantly happy, and died laughing. "I have never enjoyed anything so much in my life," he said, and in the exuberance of an exclamation his heart failed. But the smile did not fade.

His work is marked by an extravagant gusto, a clean, keen sense of absurdity, and a knack of finding human values which characterizes the true cartoonist.

His simple little paean on "The Apéritif" is as good an introduction to his book as is the apéritif itself to the gargantuan appetite he hymns:

> You say to me, "What's yours?" and I reply, "A Bronx" and you say, "A Bronx and a Martini, George."
>
> Then the black fellow seizes an orange, a stuffed olive, a bottle of gin, a bottle of vermouth, a bottle of Angostura bitters, a syphon, two lumps of ice and a shaker, calls upon Mumbo Jumbo to be his aid, throws his arms nimbly about and sets the cocktails before us on the counter. * * *
>
> The Italians drink vermouth; so do the Spaniards. The Greeks, for all I know, drink red currant jelly. The Norwegians drink their enemy's blood out of skulls.

Then comes the meal. The glutton is cautioned to "remember when you enter the restaurant that nobody loves you for yourself alone. You are the waiters' meal; not their only child." Having been held down to one cocktail, he is warned about the hors d'oeuvre:

> The idea is that while you wait for your meal proper to be cooked you excite your palate, give notice to your gastric juices and set up a thirst by toying with a few dozen olives, a barrel of salt herrings, half a pound of shrimps, a clutch of deviled eggs, a bottle of pickled mushrooms, a paté de foie gras, a plate of tunny, some salads of tomatoes, celery, carrots and turnips or what not, and other such trifling aids to appetite. But you mustn't take off your coat to the hors d'oeuvres. Toy; don't wolf.

Passing over his suggestive passages on eggs—with the remark that while you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, you can break eggs without making an omelette—one comes to a spirited drawing of an American business man at breakfast:

> He has just eaten a grape fruit, two pounds of vitamoats, planked bluefish, ham-and-eggs Maryland style, a porterhouse steak, a golden-back terrapin, a canvas-back and a dozen hot dogs. He is now winding it all up with his plate of buckwheat cakes. The jug is full of maple syrup. The negro who has just carried in the cakes will not probably be eaten. American business men prefer Europeans.

Meat is the climax of the glutton's dinner; everything before has been in the nature of preparation; everything after is in the nature of packing. The dinner has artistic proportions, is a symmetrical design. Entrees, fish, vegetables ("asparagus is nearly all handle. This is not right"), sauces ("the true object of a sauce is to hide the poor quality and flavor of the meat"), birds, savory, sweet and dessert, merely surround and explain the meat course. Of meat, the author says that it is impossible to choose between beef and mutton, and is properly scornful of the great French illusion that blanquette de veau is food. Of the savory, which is the coda of this symphony of food, Caine remarks, "An anchovy, curled round an olive that contains a bit of green pepper, startles the palate and reawakens its pride in itself." But it is the last stand of Roland against the Saracens. The horn sounds for Oliver, but no help comes. The appetite succumbs at last, and all that can be done is to erect over the battlefield a memorial plinth in the shape of a liqueur—preferably cognac.

It would not be just to dismiss this epic of the epiglottis, these gestes of the gastric juices, without more direct reference to the drawings which accompany the text. These are not illustrations: they are supplements. They march toward the same goal, but by a different route. "The Glutton's Mirror" is two books in one: one of pictures, one devoted to an analysis of the complete dinner. The drawings on "Spaghetti," "What Wine" and "The Bill" are notable contributions:

> Quite the best artistic representation of spaghetti-eating is an antique statue-group of an old man and two boys trying to get away with a stone or two of it that figures in the catalogue of the Toadhampton Museum and Workman's Institute as the Laocoon, by Sophocles. The Toadhampton group is only done in plaster instead of (like the original) reinforced concrete; but it gives the general effect admirably. Spaghetti is made of water, flour and india-rubber in equal parts. The holes down the middle of it are made first and then the paste is built up 'round them. Vermicelli is young spaghetti. It doesn't strangle. It chokes. Macaroni is old spaghetti. It gets inside you and stays there, laughing, till you die.

It is sad to think that so gifted a humorist as William Caine should have died on the threshold of the fame which this book will give his memory. The only consolation is that "The Glutton's Mirror" is the first of a number of posthumous publications of his works which will give the public the entertainment which was the object of his life. The world is so full of serious books, pregnant with sorrows unutterable, laden with messages to Garcia, that it is a joy to pick up a volume so light-hearted and friendly as "The Glutton's Mirror." Food may not seem a noble subject, but, as the author points out, the only other matters of universal appeal are love and disease.

Armaments and the League

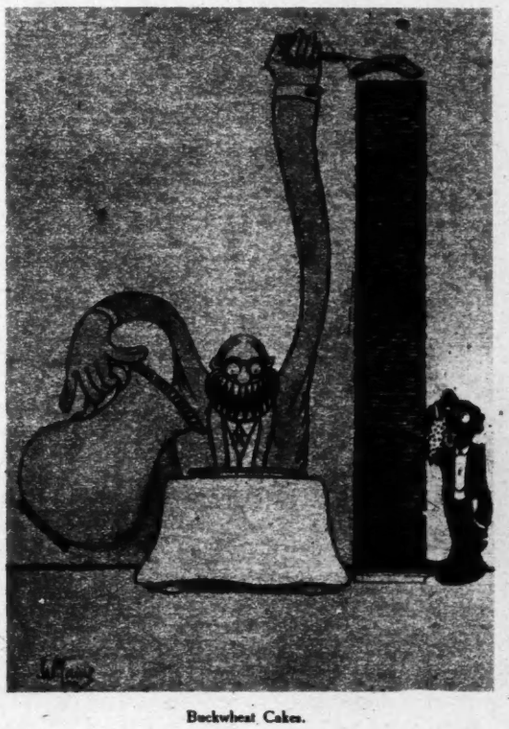
***ARMAMENTS YEARBOOK.** Published by the League of Nations, Geneva, 1926.*

FOR the second time the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations has issued an armaments year-book. Whoever has studied the first edition which appeared as an experimental volume at the end of 1924 will welcome the new year-book, which has been much improved, both in regard to quality and quantity of the information.

The new edition of the year-book for 1925-26 contains more or less elaborate monographs on fifty-seven countries, implying that the compilers have been able to add twenty to those treated in 1924. There are still four or five countries not represented, including Turkey, Persia and Abyssinia. It is hoped that the next edition will embrace them. Although the book in its present form affords ample oportunity for cuts and adaptations to a common standard, much valuable and interesting information, drawn from nearly the whole world, is given, relating to military forces (including naval and air), national defense budgets and industries capable of being used for war purposes. The work, which is unique in its way, will very much facilitate the tremendous task which the impending preparatory Disarmament Conference must tackle. The most difficult study, however, still lies ahead: that of relating the different items presented in the year-book in a rather confused form to each other, in order to make possible the calculation of a key by which the military strength of the countries can be measured, as far as this is possible. The solution of the so intricate disarmament problem must depend largely on agreeing on such a key. It is true that the military capacity of a nation can not be detected from what the French call the potential factor of armaments, by which is understood the various resources and political preponderabilia of a country. On the other hand, to press such "potentials" as these, which range from the figures on soap production to the birth rate, and include such items as alliances and frontiers, into the tight frame of a statistical analysis is not only impossible to accomplish but would be contrary to the primary motive for real disarmament, which should be moral. The most aggressive war spirit is after all not only an outcome of the economic and financial power of a country, but arises, first, from extensive military training in every disguise, and, second, from the quantity of visible armaments. Disarmament in the original sense of the word means ridding the world of armies and arms. They must be reduced step by step according to the progress of moral disarmament.

Part III of the year-book is an attempt to record the potential military strength of a country in regard to its economic resources as is expressed in the last paragraph of Article VIII of the League's covenant, which runs as follows: "The members of the League undertake to interchange full and frank information as to the * * * condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to war-like purposes."

The various military systems are dealt with in the first part of the book. This is the most valuable part, although the facts are presented in a rather confused and amateurish form. It will be useful not only to the military expert, but to all those who are interested in the vital question of reducing standing armies. Indications are set forth in this portion concerning the strength of armies and navies, the different recruiting systems (alas, not very clearly outlined!) the pre-military instruction (this saddest chapter of modern civilization), and, in general, all facts about the military organization of the world. The second part of the book is devoted to the budgetary expenditures on national defense. A short analysis is added to each of the budgets. The figures, however, do not admit of comparison; they are not even recast in one currency and are, therefore, of little value to the student.



Buckwheat Cakes.

HENRY FIELDING HALTS A CRIME WAVE

In His Capacity as Magistrate He Raided a Gangsters' Den With His Deputies (There Had Been Five Murders in One Week) and Cleaned Up His District.

Engaging Portrait of a Flapper in the New Fiction

FLAPPER ANNE. By Corra Harris. 270 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THE flapper, though in real life she seems to have given place to a less accentuated type of young thing, still holds her own in fiction. Corra Harris has put to one side, temporarily no doubt, her autobiographical outpourings and has concentrated her descriptive and narrative gifts on this the chief social phenomenon of the post-war period. To paint the flapper may seem to some, as Shakespeare remarked of similar attention to the lily, "wasteful and ridiculous excess." Yet Mrs. Harris takes up the task with the grim determination of a realist. As a result her "Flapper Anne" stands forth with not a detail missing. Sex, psychology and the cinema have all done their bit to produce Anne, the noblest flapper of them all. Gin, petting parties roadsters, road houses—all the traditional and conventional milestones on the path to perdition—all, all are here. Mrs. Harris does not slight by omission one single flask. But all those gentle readers who have enjoyed this author's contributions to the women's magazines need not forsake her now. "Flapper Anne" is wild, but she is winning. She may be perfectly terrible, but she is perfectly pure. She maintains, in fact, a tempestuous virginity, at least up to the end of the final chapter.

To chronicle the days and nights of such a spirited subject requires a technical dexterity of no mean order. And just here Mrs. Harris is at her best. She succeeds particularly in her indication of the flapper "line." Knowing well that flapper lingo is as fleeting as the moment in which it is uttered, the author makes no attempt at literal reporting. That would at once date and quickly outmode her tale. Instead, by suggestion, by shading and by accent she manages to translate it, with all its quick pulsations and frequent incoherence, into more generally understandable speech. In fact, of the flapper's verbal dexterity she chooses to write:

> They can make a good verb backfire into a frisky meaning never to be found in an honest dictionary's definition. In short, they have a blasphemous use of language, but it is brilliant to the point of inspiration.

But light as light and dark as dark demand their contrasts in order to be appreciated at their true worth. Now what greater contrast could the ultra-modern Anne desire than to be pictured against the frail and faded beauty of a grandmother of the old school in a sleepy Southern town? And that is just what Mrs. Harris does. She transplants her "chaste young hell-cat" from the exotic delights of Manhattan to the sleepy days and sleepier nights of Milledge in Georgia. And she sets her loose in one of those square-set, roomy mansions with an imposing pillared portico as the visiting granddaughter of the mansion's aging chatelaine, Mrs. William Capers. Mrs. Harris indicates the grandmother with real artistry. She "was the sweetly past tense of a woman kept by her memories and her traditions." She expressed her sentiments in a "starched petticoat vocabulary." To the flapper Anne she appeared "obsolete, like a little old word with the s's of her mind made like f's." But for all that she has a dignity and a charm, and she moves through the pages of the present story with an influence at once marked and potent. She does more to aid Mrs. Harris's apparent "purpose" than the occasional deliberate diatribes against the younger generation, which the author feels called upon to interpolate.

Anne's person and mentality as comprehended by this old lady of the South give the author opportunity for many deft little bits of description and whimsy, for Mrs. Capers dwelt upon Anne's beauty "as a normal person stares confused at a canvas painted by a cubist." And Anne's unabashedly frank utterances on this and that provide occasions for the injection of social philosophical by the ways into the narrative—occasions simply too tempting to be passed over. When, for instance, Anne touched lightly on the new equality of the sexes and said that it was of far more significance than that conferred by suffrage upon women, Mrs. Harris gives her and the statement hearty approval. Indeed she halts Anne's conversation to remark:

> The new dispensation which concedes women the privilege of living with the same license which men have always taken will have a profounder influence upon the character, quality and morals of the next generation than all the votes all the women can control in political and economic reforms.

As a story "Flapper Anne" should please a wide public. Mrs. Harris writes with a pleasant up to dateness in idiom and allusion, and at times with a happy humor.

IRISH ROMANCE

HANGMAN'S HOUSE. By Donn Byrne. 466 pp. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

"HANGMAN'S HOUSE," the latest Donn Byrne novel, is an obvious thriller by a writer held in high esteem for one short novel, "Messer Marco Polo." Mr. Byrne has prefaced this novel with "A Foreword to Foreigners" which unfortunately gives the impression of being patronizing in tone. In fact, it strongly suggests the professional Irishman. Mr. Byrne in this foreword sets himself down as the last—in a humble manner—of the traditional novelists. Because the Irish have that very human trait of trying to crucify original men of genius, such as Synge, doesn't mean that these writers are any less Irish or without recognition among their peers. It doesn't appear to us that this so-called tradition of novel writing—a tradition in which most of the writers were fifth-rate Dickensians—contains the soundest spirit of Celtic literature. We suggest to Mr. Byrne that the real spirit of the Irish people and their ancient letters is rather to be found in the books of James Stevens and Padraic Colum. Certainly, it is a spirit quite apart from the stage Irishman and the obviousness of melodrama, regardless of what may be the taste of the public at large at this moment.

The novel in the present-day Celtic Renaissance has had a belated development. Only since the war has it become widely used as a medium of expression. These prose narratives have been sharply divided into the realistic and the fantastic. Mr. Byrne presumes on at least debatable issue, when he claims that the realists are Scandinavian or American rather than Irish. This is surely absurd, for the begorry school collapsed long ago. Certainly, such a realistic novel as Florence Hackett's little appreciated "With Benefit of Clergy," is right out of the soil of Ireland. Nor does it strengthen Mr. Byrne's argument that his romanticism is the true picture of the Irish, to recall that his own success was made in a magical account of Marco Polo.

Obviously, from these previous remarks, it is clear that we find in Mr. Byrne's foreword a rather awkward apologia for writing a singularly bald melodrama. As a tale to pass time with it is interesting enough. But to claim that it is a book for Irishmen is utter nonsense. It has a lovely woman tortured by a brute and a typical hero of romance, who loved her but failed to win her before the awful villain. It has country life and the glamour of horse racing. Needless to say, the Irish aren't the only people to like horses, and the whole story might just as easily have been placed in Kentucky as in Ireland. Donn Byrne, however, knows the tricks of romantic writing, and has a melodious style that is persuasive. Once one gives way to his ideas and accepts his plot, one can find charm in such writing as this:

> It seemed to him she was taking her heart, her warm heart, from her white breast and offering it to him on outstretched palms, and smiling gently, trustingly as she did it. And he was taking it reverently, with such humility. Her mouth was so soft, so warm, so trusting, and something so holy about it, like water from a well. Like clear water from some ancient blessed well. She lay still on his shoulder now, after a queer little peaceful fluttering of breath. And suddenly something happened to him that had never happened in his life before. From his eyes came tears. They did not run or trickle. They gushed from under his lashes and fell on her face.

Such writing can't be resisted with all the world loving lovers. Many readers will be moved by this extremely romantic story. Yet Mr. Byrne's popular success by no means proves his foreword. He is only capitalizing on the popular notion of the Irish people. He has peopled his book with what Ring Lardner ironically calls his puppets. The trickery of his craft, for all its haunting spell, rests uneasily after his claims to be setting forth a portrayal of the Irish. This novel hasn't one characterization that is in touch with life. Before Mr. Byrne becomes a nobler Byron, a more musical Dumas, a more vital Meredith, a swifter moving Scott, than his publishers claim him to be, he shall have to acquire a sense of reality that will keep his feet on the ground while his head is among the stars.

A TALE OF CRETE

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS. By Dimitri S. Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

ANCIENT Greece is in favor with this year's novelists. Professor Erskine has thrown new light on the scandalous history of the Atridae, Mrs. Mitchison has described the hard life of a middle-of-the-road Liberal in the days of Alcibiades and Lysander. Mr. Merezhkovsky goes back much further, to "the Greeks before the Greeks," to the great Cretan Empire, just before its fall some fourteen hundred years before Christ.

Of that empire we know a great deal from archaeology, and much (of uncertain value) from tangled legend; but until we can read the Cretan writings we are left in the dark about many things, and those the most important. All the better for the fiction writer, who can remold life in the Minoan Age nearer to his heart's desire. Several have tried it, but none hitherto with so lofty a purpose as Mr. Merezhkovsky, whose object is to justify the ways of God toward men. Specifically, starting from the discovery in the ruins of the palace of Knossos of a cross, which even Sir Arthur Evans regards as of central importance in the Cretan cult, Mr. Merezhkovsky sets out to prove that religions in which a god is killed (and usually eaten) are foreshadowings of the Crucifixion and Atonement of a pre-existence and eternal Christ.

The present volume is only the first half of the argument; its conclusion is to move the heroine of this story to Egypt under the monotheistic pacifist, King Akhnaton. Meanwhile the author reconstructs with considerable ingenuity the Cretan cult of the Mother Goddess, so all-inclusive that her various aspects were later personalized by the Greeks as Aphrodite, Artemis, Hera, Rhea and still others; supplying where Cretan evidence fails from what is known of the worship of the same or a similar goddess over the rest of the Mediterranean; supplying still further gaps with explanations of later Greek myths; and plugging up what chinks remain with his own imagination.

As theology, it must be read with the eye of faith to carry conviction. If you prove that every theoctonous and theophagous cult resemble Christianity you also prove that Christianity resembles the others, and if pre-existence is to be determined by historical rather than metaphysical criteria, Christianity is the latest of them all. Merezhkovsky is scrupulously faithful to the archaeological evidence, so far as it goes, but where it fails his inferences are not always persuasive. "Post hoc ergo propter hoc" may be bad logic, but "Ante hoc ergo propter hoc" is worse. The chronology of the second millennium B. C. is not the most exact of sciences, but as Merezhkovsky handles it it reminds one sharply that whatever the intention, the work is fiction.

Because of the intention, however, it must be criticized as theology. As fiction it is just good enough to show how much better Merezhkovsky might have done had he had intended to write fiction. The protagonist of the story is Dio, virgin priestess of the Great Mother, whose epicene loves are of less urgency in her life than her furious inability to believe in a cruel god and equal inability to refrain from believing in any god at all. She is beloved by Tammuzadad, a skeptical Babylonian merchant, who holds that iron is better not only than bronze but than God; and the climax of the story is what may properly be called Tammuzadad's conversion, his discovery that sometimes a man can save his life only by losing it. To this reviewer Tammuzadad seemed a provokingly engaging sketch, never filled out enough to become lifelike. Nor are the others except Dio, and even Dio's romance with Eoia is less convincing than the late Pierre Louys's treatment of similar themes, although they were informed by no such lofty purpose.

One may doubt very much if Merezhkovsky has guessed plausibly near the spirit of Minoan civilization, whatever that may have been; but his archaeological conscience has forced him to paint a convincing picture of its outward appearance. Most of all he is successful in his feeling for Nature, a feeling which the Cretans had so much more deeply than the classical Greeks; here he has simply absorbed from Minoan art what Minoan art had to offer, without chopping it to fit a scheme of metaphysics; one could wish he had been as faithful to the relics of Minoan religion. As a whole the book is one more proof that a propaganda novel is apt to be neither a successful novel nor convincing propaganda.

A DAY WITH CHARLES II

HIS MAJESTY THE KING. By Cosmo Hamilton. 100 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

THIS new novel by Cosmo Hamilton has a distinct romantic appeal. Behind it is a novel idea that promises delightful, romantic entertainment. For the Stuarts of England have ever been glamourous subjects of adventure and characters of engrossing speculation. So when we are informed that Cosmo Hamilton has imaginatively treated one day in the life of Charles II of which there

is no record of his comings and goings there is reason to believe that we are about to read a fascinating chronicle.

"His Majesty the King" has a historical background that Mr. Hamilton has authenticated by historical research. He pictures the dire condition of the Young Pretender in Bruges, while awaiting fourteen years for plots or counterplots or the desire of the English people again to summon him to the throne. It is a tatterdemalion court that still remains about the young Charles. At 30 he is set forth a disillusioned young man, filled with despair, skeptical and wasting his life in debauchery.

The creation of character is hardly one of the striking characteristics of the modern novel. But the character of Charles Stuart does emerge from his romance. In spite of the wastrel in Charles, the boredom and diffidence, there was an intelligence that was before his time. He could be a deft diplomat, his skepticism had the savor of the eighteenth century, and his interest in mechanics had both curiosity and vision. Yet we are introduced to Charles when he is seriously thinking of abandoning his efforts to secure the throne and marry a country wench of bucolic beauty. For he is sick at heart of futility.

When tidings are brought by the weary Bristol that a change of heart is taking place in England he dismisses it as idle rumor. He has too many times heard the hopeless cry of wolf, wolf. No longer will he be disappointed, and he secretly departs to a distant tavern to be with his Loraine.

Mr. Hamilton is a practiced playwright and he builds an excellently contrived situation. At the tavern Charles meets with an impostor who is begging his way through Flanders, posing as the heir apparent At the same tavern arrives the Puritan soldier Roger Ingram, who has determined that Charles shall never live to rule England.

Having contrived a situation of considerable interest, it is unfortunate that Mr. Hamilton has squeezed so little from it in return. The denouement is frightfully weak, though quite within possibility. However, in its present state of representation it is nothing less than amateurish. Its expression is childish bable. It is a disappointment to the promise of a capital idea. One would like this story of Charles to turn out an enchanting romance—one is keen to appreciate—and the result is dismal.

For the failure of a charming idea there seems to be only one possible excuse—too rapid production. The writing of this short novel is a disgrace to so clever a writer as Cosmo Hamilton. The pseudo-romantic language spoken by the characters is a lingo of hectic blah in its extreme terminology. This might have been a sensitive, finely emotional gem of pastiche—another "Monsieur Beaucaire"—and instead it is, in spite of all the possibilities that the character of Charles Stuart brings, a shabby piece of writing that simply wastes the pleasing format and tasty bookmaking that encases it.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

THE CHOPPING BEE, AND OTHER LAURENTIAN STORIES. By M. Victorin. Translated from the French by James Ferres. Introduction by Albert Ferland. Woodcuts by Thoreau MacDonald. 255 pp. Toronto, Canada: The Musson Book Company, Ltd. $2.

"THE CHOPPING BEE" comes as a modest reminder that British North America is dual in culture. The same French peoples and the same gently persisting national spirit which marked "Maria Chapdelaine," by Louis Hémon, are discernible in M. Victorin's unassuming little stories and reminiscences. The reader is aware, by implication rather than by direct statement, of a peasantry that clings to the soil against fearful odds. M. Victorin's tales range from legend to tales of more modern times. Whether the approach of age is the theme, or a less personal form of change, the undercurrent is of a wise and patient melancholy contemplation of the passing of all things. The reverence for a legacy of French Catholic endurance, from a Government and indeed a nation which has vanished, gives a quaintly archaic touch to M. Victorin's scenes along the St. Lawrence River.

The tale which gives its title to the volume also transmits a dominant spirit to the other stories. "The Chopping Bee" concerns an ancient family and homestead, the history of which dates back to the French régime. An old elm is a material bond which symbolizes a spiritual continuity. So long as the elm stands and the Hamel family cultivates the soil at its base the memory of the lilies of France remains sweet and clear. The patriarchal elm, thirty-five feet in diameter, was venerable when the first Hamel cultivated the virgin acres, and it has seen the christening, the marrying and the burying of many Hamels. M. Victorin depicts the passing of the elm with a mild, languishing sentiment, a passing sigh for the steadfastness of mute, inchoate life. The end of the Hamel family is somewhat of an anti-climax.

"The Madonna's Rosebush" is a myth, faintly touched with miracle, such as simple, superstitious peoples delight in. It is typical of the pastoral Catholicism that infuses the entire book. "The Wayside Cross of St. Norbert" affirms the same mood. M. Victorin is eloquently persuasive of the homespun, hard-working, sturdy virtues of a thrifty farmer class. "Farming on the Embankment" and "The Lonely Heart" are recollections of childhood, with kindly morals deduced from the leisurely little episodes which they narrate.

The encroachment of the city upon the fertile areas of the countryside is registered in "The Old Farm Not for Sale" and "The Cordwood Donation Bee." The first portrays the procession of motor cars and the blandishments of real estate agents, offset by the rugged incorruptibility of the old landowner. In "The Cordwood Donation Bee" M. Victorin rings the sentimental changes upon the old theme of the son who escapes to the city and is discovered and rescued by his father. "The Pioneer of Temiskaming" recalls the fearful hardships and the one-sided struggle with nature of "Maria Chapdelaine."

The good Jean Baptiste, however, enjoys the consolations of religion and is not downhearted. "A People Without a History" is more frankly political and propagandistic. In effect, it is a plea for autonomy for the French-speaking citizens of Canada.

"The Chopping Bee" is an unpretentious offering. It is filled with allusions to the flowers and weeds of the province of which M. Victorin is writing. It confirms an intimation that M. Victorin has an almost professional interest in the flora of his native country; he is head of the Botanical Department of the University of Montreal. M. Victorin combines an almost pagan ecstasy in the beauties of nature with a quiet, appealing piety and unflinching trust in Providence. He succeeds in conveying a mild, unflurried mood of twilit worshipfulness with an undertone of fervent conviction of the divine destiny of the French Canadians.

YOUTH'S AWAKENING

OBERLIN'S THREE STAGES. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated from the German by Allen W. Porterfield. 250 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

WITH the publication of "The World's Illusion" Jacob Wassermann became one of the writers to be reckoned with. Nothing since that extensively mystical vision of the disorders of post-war Europe has had quite the same stupendous impact as "The World's Illusion." Yet nothing Wassermann has written has been altogether negligible. "Oberlin's Three Stages" permits Wassermann's lush and Gothic imagination to play about the romantic and metaphysical implications of a youth's search for his own soul.

The neurotic, supra-sensuous Oberlin is a typical Wassermann hero, another Christian Wahnschaffe. Oberlin is born into an unquestionable supremacy. He "belongs," and he is free of the compulsion to strive after "place" and the rewards of "place." He is constrained, however, to think and feel and comport himself in accordance with his traditions. He is handsome, well-favored, gracious and easeful in bearing, sensitive, alert, ready to be convicted in injustice in the world, and as ready to be persuaded to assume an evangelical rôle. His history suggests that of Christian in "The World's Illusion"; from taking his advantages and privileges for granted he becomes oppressed with a sense of his own inadequacy, and longs to devote himself to some mission. In the interval between his somnolence and his awakening he ranges through material experience, rejecting plane after plane of being.

Oberlin does not attain to Christian's messianic and grandiose enunciation. Wassermann leads the reader to suppose, however, that some such destiny awaits the young seeker. His three stages, characterized by carefully prepared and compellingly documented incidents, pause rather than end definitely on a progressive chord. A further stage is indicated, if it is not expressed. Oberlin is certain to devote himself to the good of humanity.

The circumstances of Oberlin's three stages, however, are less significant and less overtly stressed than the static revelations of his being which are involved. Wassermann is even more concerned with matters that lie outside the affairs of Oberlin, for Oberlin is merely a symptom of Young Germany, if not of the Young World. It is this generalized and sentimentalized content in Wassermann's writings which prevents a whole-hearted participation in his technically superb flights of fancy. He is not satisfied to write an enchanting romance; he must also educe an ethical solution.

Oberlin's first stage is concerned with a period at a forestry school, which culminates in a curiously intense platonic friendship for the principal. This man, Lucian, exercises a potent spell over the young aristocrat. An episode creates a scandal and causes Oberlin's mother to withdraw him from Lucian's influence, which is presumed to tend toward unnatural impulses. The second stage deals with a struggle between the boy and his mother for the control of Oberlin's soul. The third relates the consequences of a chance meeting between Oberlin and the beautiful twins. An exotic crime, reminiscent of the vivid murder in "The World's Illusion," is tangled up with Oberlin's vague, depersonalized eroticism. A return to the precepts of Lucian is mentioned as the subsequent career of Oberlin.

A prelude is attached to the novelette of Oberlin, called "The Unknown Guest." It has no apparent connection with what follows, in spite of the author's apologetic foreword asking that it be regarded as "a bridge, a guide." It represents a mystical experience of a disheartened writer, facing the emptiness of his own creations and encouraged by a nameless visitor who sounds very much like Christian Wahnschaffe.

The long short story which includes the book, "Sturregans," exploits theatrical temperament as Wassermann is fond of doing. The character is another instance of the clown who hides a breaking heart beneath his motley. It did seem that Wassermann would be able to get through the story without having Sturregans go to the doctor to be cured of his melancholy and be recommended to attend performances by Sturregans. That is too bad of Wassermann. There are similar instances of a bland imperviousness to pathos, anti-climax, platitude, fustian. Of course, if Wassermann enjoyed a sense of proportion, he would probably be incapable of the moments of transfixed ecstasy and the intervals of intensified visualization which come to thrill and disturb the reader. "Sturreganx" is also a mordant study of absolute monarchy in the Germany of the Seven Years' War.

Wassermann at his best is a corpuscating shower of rhetoric. At his worst he is prosy, involute, expository, exhortatory, evangelical. Or rather, at his very worst, he is specious, self-deceived, bombastic, lost in hysterical overemphasis. Some of his descriptions of pantomime, if the reader takes the trouble of acting them out for himself, are simply beyond belief. Bertha M. Clay never did anything so astonishing. He dazzles with his strutting assumption of the grand manner. It is a mode which can easily degenerate into breathy hollowness. "Oberlin's Three Stages" bankrupts the expectations based on the finer portions of "The World's Illusion"; it fulfills the anticipation of falsity and sentimentalization which the concluding chapters of "The World's Illusion" must foretell. The translation is wooden and literal.

First Novel of a New American Stylist

THE CABALA. By Thornton Niven Wilder. 230 pp. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. $2.50.

THE appearance of Thornton Wilder's "The Cabala" marks the début of a new American stylist. This first novel of a hitherto unknown writer is a significant literary event, because Mr. Wilder is the first of the post-war crop of American writers to consider prose as something more than a medium of expression.

Mr. Wilder, who is only 29, comes before the world with a style distinguished by maturity and by an exquisite sense of tonal values, subdued to a perfect and supple instrument of literary expression. He uses words with the professional sense of color and numerical weight of a gambler dealing a faro bank. His style bears comparison with Pater, Edgar Saltus and James Branch Cabell, but is distinctively his own. It suggests one of those wonderful clocks made by medieval craftsmen which, when other timepieces merely strike twelve, keep track of sidereal and ecclesiastical time, mark the phases of the moon with meticulous accuracy and regale the vulgar public with the crowing of a cock, the dance of death and the parade of the twelve apostles. The fact that the twelve conventional strokes of the clock or a blast on a fish horn are sufficient for most people is entirely irrelevant.

"The Cabala" is a novel of modern Rome. Its substance is mystical and allusive, and is rather difficult to analyze. It concerns a young American who is taken up by a peculiar group of people who dominate Roman society and are known as the Cabala. They include a Cardinal, Mademoiselle Astrée-Luce de Morfontaine, who owns a prodigious number of shares in the Suez Canal; Sua Altessa Leda Matilda Duchessa d'Aquilanera, and her son, Marcantonio; Alix (Prince d'Espoli); Madame Bernstein, the relique of a German industrialist, and an omnipotent American named Miss Grier. The author and his friend, James Blair, enter the operations of this clique, whom the author introduces in these words:

> The chief thing about them is that they hate what's recent. • • • You've heard of scientists off Australia coming upon regions where the animals and plants ceased to evolve ages ago? They find a pocket of archaic time in the middle of a world that has progressed beyond it. Well, it must be something like that with the Cabala. Here's a group of people losing sleep over a host of notions that the rest of the world has outgrown several centuries ago; one Duchess's right to enter a door before another; the word order in a dogma of the Church; the divine right of kings, especially of Bourbons.

While the Cabala's set object is to induce the Vatican to promulgate the divine right of kings as a dogma of the Church, for which they prepared to summon an Ecumenical Council within twenty-five years, the action of the book is ostensibly concerned with more mundane episodes: the acquisition of Mantegna's "Madonna Between St. George and St. Helen" by Vassar College; the attempt of the Duchessa d'Aquilanera to have Marcantonio reform and the latter's suicide; the hopeless infatuation of Alix d'Espoli for James Blair; the attempt by Astrée-Luce to induce the Cardinal to write a book on the Church and the State, their quarrel and the Cardinal's return to China and his death, and a final explanatory chapter which, unlike most explanations, deepens the reader's mystification while adding to his pleasure. Almost the last lines in the book are the following:

> Are you still alive? Alive? How can you endure it? All your thoughts are guesses, all your body is shaken with breath, all your senses are infirm and your mind ever full of the fumes of one passion or another. Oh, what misery to be a man!

"The Cabala" is an unusual novel. Rome is a formidable metal for a writer to assay. Even Marion Crawford's works are marked throughout by a literary quality which renders them almost theatrical. Mr. Wilder has succeeded in finding, if not Rome, at least his own Rome.

Who can understand religion unless he has sinned? [says the Cardinal]. Who can understand literature unless he has suffered? Who can understand love unless he has loved without response? You know, there is for every human being one text in the Bible that can shake him, just as every building has a musical note which can overthrow it.

There is likewise in Rome something which appeals to every man, and for every man it is a different thing. In Mr. Wilder's case, his Roman text is so subtly buried beneath the texture of a perfectly elaborated style—marred slightly by his irritating habit of omitting all quotation marks—that it is difficult for an ordinary reader to discover what Mr. Wilder's Rome may be. It is Rome of the poets and the mystics, and it is a Rome which permits him—in his opening chapter—to introduce with an unblushing veracity, as a contemporary event, the scenes from the deathbed of Keats.

For Mr. Wilder's novel is a literary novel; it is not a novel of human beings. For all that he says of Alix d'Espoli—

> the sum of her sufferings had been the production of the sweetest strain of gayety that we shall ever see, a pure well of heart-broken frivolty;

for all that his account of lives and characters are cameos, examples of pure artistry, his ideas move not among the lives of men, but of God and the gods. Mr. Wilder is a mystic; he is a fine stylist; he clothes his mysticism in his style and lightens it with jewels of charming observation and felicitous expression; but his work contains no substance, as yet, which will appeal to the rank and file of the world. It is—in the publisher's phrase—esoteric, shyly allusive, a thing of the brain and not of the heart. In short, Mr. Wilder's style is more mature than its content. Nevertheless, "The Cabala" is a work of art, both in form and in design.

Thornton Niven Wilder.

DUTY AND DESIRE

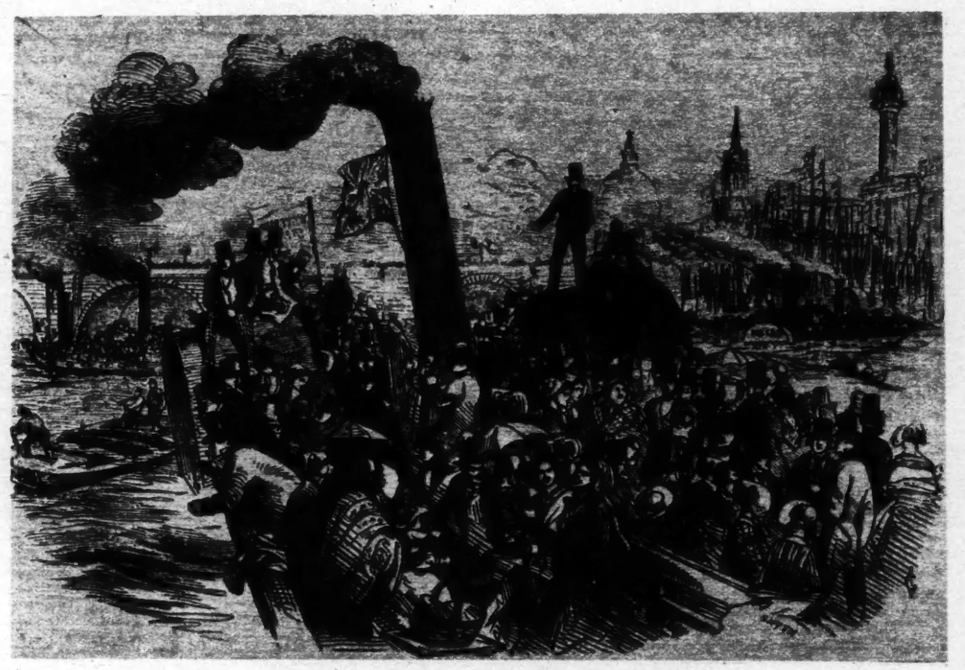
COMMON OF ANGELS. By Dorothy A. Beckett Terrell. 328 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

THIS novel opens with a 26-year-old sculptor unlocking the door of his studio at the moment a young lady painter with red-gold hair closes hers across the hall. On his door is the name "Giles Mallory," on hers, "Jehane Crewe." At a dance the same evening he is introduced to her, and immediately is captivated. Since he is engaged to Barbara Lacy, the story at once assumes the proportions of a triangle. Barbara, who is gentle and lovable, perceives in time that Giles has fallen in love with Jehane, and turns for consolation to the Catholic Church, which eventually receives her as a convert. Gil, meantime realizing his obligations to his fiancé, puts Jehane valiantly out of mind and goes to Barbara in order to marry her at once. But he learns that not being a Catholic he must consent in writing to bring up their children in the church. The idea rües him, provokes

(Continued on Page 16)

London Life in Dickens's Day

Social Amenities and Miseries in the Vulgar Metropolis of Early Victorian England



Easter Monday Holiday Crowd in 1847, on the Way to Greenwich by Boat.

THE DAYS OF DICKENS. A Glance at Some Aspects of Early Victorian Life in London. By Arthur L. Hayward, author of "The Dickens Encyclopaedia." 280 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

THE author of "The Dickens Encyclopaedia" possesses, as this title suggests, an encyclopedic knowledge of Dickens's London. By the same token, his knowledge is informative, factual in nature rather than evocative of any emotion for the passing of the fugitive years. "The Days of Dickens" is crammed with meaty information, is elucidated by apt quotations, and is enlivened by prints of the period of Piccadilly weepers and crinoline. But one searches in vain for the humor one might expect in a Dickens adept; save for a few scattered instances one finds neither racy anecdote nor amusing example. The book is written primarily to appeal to Dickens enthusiasts, who are certainly a large public in themselves, but not an inclusive one. Much scholarship has gone into its making, much impressive research has stiffened its pages and given substance to its images.

The period with which he deals includes the years when Victorian England was a land of gross and grotesque nouveaux riches, the epoch before respectability blighted the gay and unbridled lustiness of the British people. Before it had been the stiff and stuffy Georgian period, culminating in a rococo regency; after it came the dreary Nonconformist conscience of the Gladstonian age, when it was comme il faut to lay out your political adversary by capitalizing a divorce suit and proper to advance your interests beneath a smug advocacy of "progress." But the gay dogs of England had their day in Dickens's London. If their vices lacked the studied elegance of the regency, they also lacked the mealy mouthed furtiveness that followed Victoria's widowhood. For an entire generation the entire English nation acted on natural impulse. From foreign policy to industrial technique, from private to political life, England was frankly brutal, and, like most brutes, much given to sentimentality. Such was the era on which Mr. Hayward has concentrated the attention of an expert. Crude, colorful and vibrant, it is an age as distinct as the American age of innocence. One can hardly say that Mr. Hhyward has painted it. His pigments are still in the paint box, but have been assembled, prepared and correctly labeled. This is an achievement of durable importance.

Well, it is a rum world that we're all living in,
The poor do the work and the rich spend the tin,
And what do the people get for all their toil?
Why, the right when they're dead to six feet of soil!
Now is that right? Can it be right? It's all very fine, but I'm hanged if it's right.

This song of the days of the Crimean War sets the key to the author's attitude toward his subject matter. It was a "rum world," but he's "hanged if it's right." Like Dickens, he is greatly moved over the injustices and indecencies of the age. He has the Dickens eye for color and character, but also the Dickens flair for indignation. If he bewails the passing of the old London, he has no tear for many of the aspects of that dirty, cruel combination of palaces and rookeries, titled hostesses and gaming hells, pleasure gardens and gin palaces, overworked children, underworked dandies, sewers and clubs, graveyards and prisons.

"Barely a hundred years have passed since Mr. Pickwick took a certain memorable cab ride from Goswell Street to Charing Cross, yet scarcely an object or a person that his genial eye rested upon would be familiar to any one making the journey today," he begins. Gone is the universal vogue of the chimney-pot hat, in which "busy men carried their documents, doctors their instruments and most people their handkerchief." Gone, too, is "The Moustache Movement," the full beard and whiskers which followed the hirsute necessities of the Crimean conflict. Gone are the street traders with their wares:

> Fried fish, hot eels, pickled whelks, sheeps' trotters, ham sandwiches, pea soup, hot green peas, penny pies, plum duff, meat puddings, baked potatoes, spice cakes, muffins and crumpets, Chelsea buns, sweetmeats, brandy balls, cough drops, cats' and dogs' meat, were the principal eatables sold, each by its own particular vendors; while among drinkables were tea and coffee, ginger beer, lemonade, hot wine, new milk fresh from the cow, asses' milk, curds and whey, and plain—though not particularly pure—water.

As was natural in a day of upstarts whose proficiency in manufacture was crowding the old aristocracy of the land, the period was marked by a most detestable snobbishness. The upper circle was content to commend the absurd affectation of the Eglinton tournament, to consider the wild extravagance of "the wicked Marquis of Hastings" and the "mad Marquis of Waterford," and to attend the salons at Holland House or Lady Blessington's. It was at the former that

> there would be seen caustic old Sydney Smith; Jeffrey, the fierce Scottish critic; Macaulay, before he went to India in 1834; the erratic Lord Brougham; Grattan, the traveler; Washington Irving on his occasional visits to England; Tom Moore, the poet; "Johnny" Russell, the Whig statesman, and a host of illustrious foreigners, including Talleyrand, Metternich and Cavour. Over all these brilliant spirits Lady Holland ruled with impartial sway. "Enough of that, Macaulay," she once observed to the somewhat prolix historian. "Now tell us something else."

The spirit of this circle was distinctly in favor of letting art and commerce, law and learning perish, so long as the old nobility was preserved. Exclusiveness at White's was such that "neither Louis Napoleon nor Count d'Orsay could even secure admission"; Brooke's permitted a single blackball to keep a candidate out and struck from its membership any one who joined another club, White's excepted. The assembly balls at Almack's were fiercely blue-blooded. Plebeian Generals, Ambassadors, Admirals and Judges were kept out.

> * * * at one time the Patroneesses issued a solemn proclamation to the effect that no gentleman should be admitted to the assemblies unless he had knee-breeches, white cravat and chapeau bras. One evening the Duke of Wellington appeared wearing black trousers and was about to ascend the grand staircase to the ballroom when the vigilant and obsequious Willis, lessee of the rooms and major-domo of the Assembly, darted forward in horror, saying, "Your Grace cannot be admitted in trousers!" The Duke, knowing with whom he had to deal, turned away humbly and returned to Apsley House.

Yet the period was not devoid of amenities for those who dared not aspire to Almack's. The great pleasure gardens at Vauxhall and Cremorne served the stead of the modern amusement parks. The cost of living permitted a man to lease a house for $125 a year, to pay a general servant $25 a year and to buy coal at $6 a ton. There were plenty of amusements, plenty of night life, plenty of what the euphemists called "Cyprians." There were prizefights, including the great match of Heenan and Sayers in 1839. There were Crockford's gambling rooms. There were the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, "Rubini, the tenor who could start on the high B flat and keep there for some time, who broke his collarbone by the sheer force of inflating his lungs"; there was for some the memory of the great Grimaldi, the Charlie Chaplin of Napoleonic England; still others were to hear Jenny Lind. Macready was to revive Shakespeare, and the London music hall with its Chairman and its burlesque humor was to become a national institution. Of the two, indeed, the author hands the palm to the music hall, for the theatre was often incredibly bad. The Surrey Theatre was given to producing pirated and garbled versions of Dickens's and other popular novels.

One night in December, 1838, Dickens went to see their version of Oliver Twist and found it so hideous a travesty of his story that in the middle of the first scene he lay down on the floor in a corner of the box and never rose from it until the drop-scene fell.

In 1866 the Covent Garden produced a play called "Oonagh":

> The house was opened on the Saturday evening with this new piece; hours passed and still the play went on, though, to use a Victorian pun, most of the audience went off; midnight sounded—1 o'clock, and still "Oonagh" was in full swing. At 2 A. M. the carpenters took the matter into their own hands and pulled the carpet back with a sudden jerk. All the actors were thrown to the floor and the curtain was rung down for the first and last time on "Oonagh."

If London was paradise for the snobs and endurable for the middle class, it was hell for the poor. The city was regularly swept by plagues of cholera and fever. The drinking water was foul with sewage, and the stench from the Thames overpowered the legislators in Parliament. Little boys of 5 and 6 were sold to masters as chimney-sweeps, and deaths of children in flues were frequent until the whole profession was abolished in 1875. In Dundee mills girls of 8 worked from 6 in the morning to 10 at night. In the mines boys and girls of 5 and 6 were worked underground, sometimes for thirty-six hours on end. Women were found to be cheaper and more efficient draft animals than ponies.

In 1845 Shaftesbury showed that there were about 25,000 children in the calico printing industry working from sixteen to eighteen hours every day, and starting work at five or six years of age, yet men like Cobden opposed Shaftesbury's measures for reform, saying that the children worked in a mild temperature and earned fair wages—namedly, three shillings a week!

And Lord Brougham opposed sanitary measures in factories with the historic phrase: "Really, my lords, I feel that this is great nonsense."

The crimes of the period were unusually shocking, and the criminal element more than held their own with the police. Body snatchers, Spring-Heeled Jack shared honors in the newspapers (which, incidentally, it was illegal to lend to non-subscribers, because, being taxed at a penny each, the loan was a fraud upon the revenue) with the bookseller, Richard Carlile, whose frequent arrests for sedition caused him to perfect a device worthy of imitation by a more efficient age:

> His bookshop was so constantly raided by the police for seditious literature and his assistants so frequently taken into custody that eventually he had recourse to selling his books automatically. On the counter was a dial with a pointer. Around this dial were the titles of the works he sold, the price being marked against each; the customer simply turned the pointer to which title he required, deposited the price on the counter—and the book automatically dropped down in front of him.

Space prohibits fuller analysis of this exceedingly informative book. The sentimental ballads of the age, such as

Oh, no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard,
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word,

and the callous incarceration of debtors in the Fleet, the Marshelsea, King's Bench or Whitecross Street prisons, the incident when the Great Eastern was caught in a storm and two cows were washed into the ladies' salon, the lunatic asylums and other features of the age are fascinating subjects, but are best treated in the book itself.

In closing, mention might well be made of the tremendous railway speculation of the '40s, in which "in one month 332 lines were projected, entailing a capital of £332,000,000." And the labor element was so unruly that "when pay day arrived on the Lancaster-Carlisle line, a regiment of infantry and a troop of cavalry had to be kept in readiness to quell the drunken orgies and riots that were bound to come." With Florida real estate, the bull and bear markets of 1925-1926, strikes at Herrin and Passaic and our own crime wave, early Victorian England seems strangely familiar for all the altered manners of a century of progress and morality.

All Wool and Centuries Long

THE AMERICAN WOOL MANUFACTURE. By Arthur Harrison Cole, Ph. D. 2 vols. Cambridge: University Press.

IN two stout volumes, Professor Arthur Harrison Cole tells the story of wool manufacture in America from early Puritan days. There is very much wool in the narration and those who are concerned in the industry will no doubt find it of tremendous interest. They will be able to trace the development of the manufacture of wool from embryonic conditions to the great diversifications of modern times. Mr. Cole, too, devotes considerable space to the economic side of the story, giving his impressions of the results of tariff legislation, marketing of fabrics, changes in industrial form, modification of the distributive system and others matters relating to the expansion of a great industry.

Readers with just a subjective interest in wool and its production may turn to Mr. Cole's book and find themselves held by the fascinating manner in which he pours out the accumulated information of years of painstaking research. He deals first of all with the Colonial period, then with the era of the small factory and follows with large-scale management. The industry now employs 180,000 persons and consumes annually 200,000 tons of raw materials and ranks second among the important textile manufactures of the United States. Mr. Cole tells of the improvements effected in recent years of woolen fabrics paralleled by the general advancement in the evolution of all American industries. He says on this point:

> The struggle of factory production to get a foothold, the application of American intellect to the improvement of technical processes, the gradual rise in quality of output, and the dependence of the manufacture in substantial measure upon standardized production of medium-grade goods—these are events and tendencies common to many branches of domestic industrial enterprise.

Wool has played a conspicuous part in tariff legislation and has from time to time occupied the attention both of economists and statesmen who were not particularly inclined to the study of economics. Mr. Cole sets forth the whole history of the export and import trade, and we can recall no previous effort in this direction. While we know of no other book which has covered the ground, we may safely aver that Mr. Cole as a historian has nothing to fear from rivalry. His contribution to the story of a great industry is notable in every respect—for its accuracy, its comprehensiveness, its elaboration and for the striking and picturesque way in which he has placed it at the disposal of readers.

American History in Pictorial Form

Yale University Press Ventures on a Visual Presentation of Our Past

Emigrants Crossing the Plains.

From a Drawing by F. C. Darley.

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA: A Pictorial History of the United States. Edited by Ralph Henry Gabriel. Vol. I, Adventures in the Wilderness, by Clark Wissler, Constance Lindsay Skinner and William Wood. 343 pp. Vol. III, Toilers of Land and Sea, by Ralph Henry Gabriel, 324 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press.

By ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

NO country offers more lavishly the materials for a pictorial history than the United States. Parkman, in a glamorous sentence in which he associated the character of the Indians with the mighty works of nature in which they lived, wrote that "primitive America opens to the imagination a boundless world, unmatched in wild sublimity." The saga of the Spanish, English and French pioneers is rich in opportunities for illustration, and scarcely less prolific for that purpose is the story of the taming of the whole of the continent to the uses of civilization in the more recent age of mechanical and industrial conquest.

Even the dramatic element which forms the chief appeal of the "movies" is present, for in every stage of American development there has been a struggle with adverse forces in which sacrifice and suffering have been the price of victory over them. The story, even if told in a text, really takes the form of a pageant in the mind, from the earliest confronting of the aborigines in the primeval forest by the mailed Spaniard and the hooded friar.

Yet the undoubted merits of the picture for bringing out the splendor of the theme have been ignored by the generality of sound historians because of the tawdriness and looseness which have seemed almost inseparable from that method of exposition. A resource so greatly needed in the portrayal of our national life has been left too largely in the hands of those least able or willing to use it properly.

Scholars at Yale, in collaboration with colleagues in some other universities, have ventured in a large way on the task long associated with the taint of charlatanism. They have conceived the project of a pictorial history free from the purely fanciful and the misleading, both in fact and illustration, and offer it as a contribution in honor of the sesquicentennial year of American independence. Under the supervision of a committee of the Yale University Council, the Yale Press is producing fifteen volumes, of which the two listed above are the first fruits, covering the whole field.

The editor in chief is Ralph Henry Gabriel, Associate Professor of History at Yale, and on the list of advisory editors are such names as Charles M. Andrews, Allen Johnson, Dixon Ryan Fox and Arthur M. Schlesinger. In the virtually complete correlation with the most recent researches in the field and in the advanced viewpoint from which history is surveyed, the volumes reflect the last word in finished interpretation of the significant facts which form their subject matter.

One of the chief abuses which have besmirched the repute of pictorial history is that pictures have often been an excuse to weaken the text, and the text has been an excuse to pass off hackneyed or deceptive pictures on the confiding reader. In these two volumes it is refreshing to find that neither text nor pictures are permitted to predominate to the extent that one might obscure the other. There are in each volume about 60,000 words of text and 650 illustrations. Surely no one will have reason to complain of undue bareness of strictly literary treatment, if the proportion is carried out, and a total of 10,000 illustrations will be enough to satisfy anybody on that score.

Yet it is quality rather than mass effect at which the producers of these volumes evidently aim all the way through. The pictures are of historical or artistic merit, or both, and are selected with discriminating judgment for the rational enhancement of the meaning in the text. They are chiefly good reproductions of historical paintings, engravings and maps, chosen with care in every part of the world. This task of selection, it is understood, has consumed five years. After glancing at some of the captions which set forth the origin of each illustration with engaging candor, the reader will be inclined to wonder how it could have been carried out on such a scale even in that time.

The earliest picture in Volume I to which a date is attached is a page from the Latin manuscript of Adam of Bremen in the eleventh century, in which the first mention of Vinland is made. The original, which is well reproduced, was found in the State Library in Vienna. The collection of reproductions of the most important of the Columbus portraits is ample. The reader is clearly informed that, so far as is known, none of them was painted in his lifetime, but the probability of likeness in the Paulus Jovius engraving is set forth with painstaking accuracy.

Most of the Indian pictures are taken from collections in the British Museum, English books and magazines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and other authentic sources often neglected. Where there must be a resort to imaginative art, the copying of paintings seems to have been confined to genuinely representative ones, including some of the murals introduced in the last quarter of a century in the embellishment of public buildings in America.

The scope of the treatment is perhaps the boldest aspect of the whole work. It will include not merely political and economic history, but agriculture, commerce, industry, religion, education, the fine arts, literature, architecture, the drama and sports. To have called this history a generation or two ago would have brought a smile of incredulity. The sociologists are slowly accustoming the reading public to consider as history anything relative to the life of man, and this Yale series is one of the most striking conceptions which serves to support that definition.

An Old-Time Threshing Floor.

From a Drawing by C. W. Jeffreys.

The first volume, "Adventurers in the Wilderness," is the story of the Indians and the earliest European explorers and settlers of America. Its authors are Clark Wissler, curator of the division of anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History; Constance Lindsay Skinner, historian and novelist, and William Wood, military and naval historian.

Here the temptation to depart from the standards which ought to govern such a work has been resisted in its most obvious allurements. The perverted trash about the Indians which has been printed is not the least of the wrongs of a race which has endured many wrongs. In the light of anthropology and recent researches, such as those in the ruins left by the Mayas and the cliff dwellers, the story of the Indian takes on a new meaning. He was an artisan of no small degree of skill, as his industries in the production of utensils, arms and fabrics have demonstrated, and his capacity for culture is even now being revealed by investigators in Yucatan and near-by regions.

Professor Gabriel contributes an introduction to Volume I, in which he sets forth the view that the culture of the Mayas proves beyond doubt the red man's intellectual capacity to achieve civilization, but that the advance of glaciers on the North American Continent destroyed the horse, the camel and the elephant, which would have enabled the northern race brother to advance in subduing his natural environment. Of the Mayas he says:

> The man of a later day cannot escape the thought, as he pores over the remains of that vanished culture and pictures to himself the active, beauty-loving people who once worshiped in those temples: what would have been the history of the New World had that Maya civilization lived, had it spread northward, like the Roman culture in Europe, to the plains Indians, the mound-building Algonquins and the empire-building Iroquois. What if Columbus had found in America the fabled seven cities and discovered the red man harnessing the mighty resources of the continent?

Full use has been made in the depiction of Indian life, as first observed by the English colonists, of the little known drawings by John White, the truly capable artist who accompanied Raleigh's Roanoke adventurers. These drawings, now in the British Museum, represent different phases of the life of the natives with remarkable completeness. Discriminating use has also been made of drawings by French and Dutch explorers and colonizers which have been reproduced seldom in this country or not reproduced at all. Thus the view of the early Indian is as nearly historically true as it can be made, differing materially from the idealized or otherwise distorted representations on that subject often seen.

Every phase of the life of the Indian is covered—war, the chase, economic conditions, social institutions, religion, even diversions. He is rightly depicted as strongly emotional at heart, though he could summon supreme self-control in the face of death, danger or suffering. Nor is the serious mistake made of treating all Indians as being virtually one group, disregarding the marked points of difference in dress, industries and customs between tribes and between East and West.

If every picture were discarded in the part of Volume I whose theme is the early explorations and discoveries which led to the peopling of America by Europeans the text would be more than sufficiently valuable to justify the printing of the volume. Here the effort to present a pageant succeeds especially well, for the theme lends itself almost perfectly to that treatment. The story of Henry the Navigator is illustrated with a portrait of him from a contemporary miniature, and there is a reproduction of the Latin first page of Marco Polo's "Travels." The collection of early maps showing the slow development of a correct apprehension of the Western Hemisphere is a thing of value in itself. Pictures of ships that drove through unknown waters lend a thrill to the stories of their intrepid commanders.

It is in line with the newest tendencies in historical writing that the origin of each Colony in the present limits of the United States is traced without the sugary sentimentality which has become a tradition in such work. There is no attempt to gloss over the tragic mistakes made by English commercialism in early Virginia or the theocratic fervor of the Puritans. The Colonists, revealed in the light of impartial history, appear as real men, who need no painting out of blemishes to stand as worthy forerunners of a new nation.

"Toilers of Land and Sea" is a novel combination of social and industrial history, carried from rude life in the first American settlements up to the mechanical agriculture and advanced industrialism of the present day. In these pages the isolated farm which sent forth father and sons to join Washington's Continentals, with its primitive and self-sufficient methods of supplying all the needs of a large family, rises before the reader appealingly in the combination of picture and story. There are vivid passages full of the real significance of homely things such as this, accompanying the reproduction of a lithograph from the painting, "The Old Grist Mill," by G. H. Durrie:

> The mill was a busy place on cold widwinter days. Lounging about the hoppers were men from all over the surrounding countryside exchanging gossip. The miller, who each day came in contact with a different group, was the dominant figure. Here in the decade before the Revolution the taxes imposed upon the Colonials by the British Government were heatedly discussed, and the news of American resistance was exchanged. Here, later on, were lived over again the fights at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill.

By means of the interest aroused by successive pictures and the rapid movement of the text, the attention of the reader is held closely as the tale proceeds. The story of the American inventions of agricultural machinery is blended with an intimate account of the birth and growth of scientific farming. This passage brings the presentation almost startlingly to current conditions:

> To the farms (in the last quarter of a century) came the material comforts, the telephone, the improved highway, the automobile and the electric light. The rural free delivery bringing the metropolitan daily and the journals and magazines, the crossroads circulating library bringing books for the Winter evenings, the music machine, the movie and the radio all combined to carry to the farmer the pleasure, the ideas and the culture of the new day. For the husbandman it was and is the period of intellectual awakening. The lethargy and the conservatism of the peasant are sloughing off. The agricultural scientist speaks to an audience as wide as the nation.

The last part of Volume III, which covers "The Harvest of the Sea," is an epic of the fishing industry, which is appropriately illustrated by some of the best of the authentic pictures on that rich theme.

For the purpose of making a general estimate of the value of this novel and important work, the first two volumes may serve as an indication. Considered in that light, they mean, more than anything else, that a long step has been taken in the extremely difficult task of popularizing true and sound history. John Fiske almost exhausted the possibilities of the older literary method in his effort to diffuse widely a taste for historical reading, without accomplishing more than a small fraction of the results for which he hoped. In the method of the "outline" school there is a temptation to minimize the underlying philosophy of history. The group of authors whose work is in evidence in these volumes is broad enough to take in the profounder phases associated with the popular need, as well as to gratify reasonably the desire for entertainment.

New Fiction by Three French Writers

PARIS.

M. ANDRE MAUROIS — who during the war was an interpreter in the English Army, and there was inspired to write two very clever books, "The Silences of Colonel Bramble" and "The Sayings of Dr. O'Grady"—now has published a new work that is not exactly a novel, but rather a series of three short stories connected by a common philosophic idea. The title of the volume is "Meipe." Do not, however, seek this word in a dictionary! For it is not French, nor does it belong to any ancient or modern language.

It was invented by a child, from whom M. Maurois borrowed it. The prattle of children includes many such words that have no meaning except for those who manufacture them. It would be very interesting for the psychologist and the linguist to know the origin of these words, the elements of which they are made up and the rational and emotional processes that lead to their creation; for in every generation the child reproduces the essential phases of primitive humanity, and a study of childhood from this point of view could throw some light on the famous problem of the origins of speech—a question that has occupied so many philosophers, beginning with Plato in the "Cratylus."

M. André Maurois does not reveal how the little girl in question created the word "Meipe," but merely tells us that for her it was an imaginary country, a land of dreams and peace, a sort of blissful refuge from the worries and miseries of reality.

Being a man of letters, M. André Maurois naturally believes that art and literature are the paradise in which to seek asylum. Goethe, too, expressed this thought when he said: "Poetry is deliverance." By this Goethe meant the poetry one composes one's self. A royal form of amusement, surely, but unfortunately not possible for everybody. But every one can read; and Montesquieu once said that he never had a sorrow that he could not forget after reading a good book for half an hour.

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As it happens, it is Goethe who is the hero of the first of M. André Maurois's three stories. Here we see how he derived his famous novel "Werther" from his own experience, particularly from his adventure with Charlotte Buff. He suffered sorrows and disappointments; but once the novel was written he was happy, and renowned in the bargain. What a pity that not all of us are able to write books as pathetic and beautiful as "Werther"! Heinrich Heine also made little songs from his great griefs. All poets do this, though their genius may be less. Happy are the poets!

The hero of M. André Maurois's second tale is a young normal school student and future university man, who, not being a poet, falls into a trap. He imagines that love will deliver him from reality and give him an ideal life. But love, being also a part of dangerous reality, brings some cruel disappointments to this boy, who is unable to express his sorrows in rhyme.

The third story brings us to the England of the eighteenth century, showing us the two daughters of the famous actress, Mrs. Siddons. Both of them—living in reality, like the student of the second story—are the victims of their passion for the painter Lawrence, while Mrs. Siddons herself passes unscathed through all temptations and all afflictions, like a salamander passing through fire; for she lives primarily and exclusively for her art as a celebrated actress. I do not claim that this is not true, nor that she is wrong. But, while I know of nothing in this world that is better than poetic genius, I must confess that I should prefer to take a chance at falling in love rather than be an actor. One thing, however, is certain—that these stories of M. André Maurois are written with a great deal of charm and wit.

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M. HENRY BORDEAUX has published "Dangerous Sport," the action of which takes place in the Bernese Oberland, in Murren and its environs, opposite the Jungfrau. Born in Savoy, M. Henry Bordeaux has always loved the mountains and describes them most marvelously. (You know that Mont Blanc is in Savoy, and therefore in France—not in Switzerland, as is believed by many people, and even some Frenchmen.) The author himself practices the Alpine Summer and Winter sports; and when he wants to reach to the top of a mountain he does not need the funicular railway that now goes as far as the Jungfraujoch (3,000 meters above sea level—quite a respectable height).

In this fascinating background he has set a worldly and sentimental plot: A young French girl, Claire de Meur, wins the affection of an entire cosmopolitan group to the point of being, in a single day, made the object of three declarations of love, of which two are proposals of marriage. And she refuses them all because of a romantic and undeniably rather exaggerated love for an English diplomat who is much older than she. Such are the tricks played on us by the Entente Cordiale!

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IN "Baltus the Lorrainer" M. René Bazin deals with a painful subject: The Agitation of the Clericals in Alsace and Lorraine against the proposed application there of the French school laws. Under the German régime the primary schools of these two provinces retained their connections with the Church; that is, the teacher, even though he might be a layman, read prayers in class and taught the catechism. Now, French law has, since Jules Ferry, fully respected liberty of conscience; but this liberty is assured for everybody. There are some families and some teachers who are not Catholics; and it is impermissible to force them to follow or even to lead the Catholic service. In France every one has the right to choose his religion or to renounce all religion and simply be a Freethinker. This is why we have made our schools purely secular institutions where only reading, writing and the like are taught. And religious education remains entirely free, since parents need only to send their children to the priest, the pastor or the rabbi—men far more competent than the school teacher to give instruction in their respective religious principles. But certain of M. René Bazin's characters refuse to understand this and adopt a very unjust attitude toward our liberal legislation. However, the novel is nicely and interestingly written, although it is a bit irritating.

PAUL SOUDAY.

André Maurois.

England's Epidemic Of History

LONDON.

TWO college professors, J. B. Black in "The Art of History" and Ernest Scott in "History and Historical Problems," have recently been discussing how the records of the past should be written. Their suggestions should be welcomed by a large constituency, for there seems just now to be almost an epidemic of historical research. You can scarcely open a literary paper without coming across reviews of regimental histories, by army officers and parish histories by country parsons, to say nothing of books on such out-of-the-way subjects as W. D. Hambly's "History of Tattooing," Ambrose Heal's "London Tradesmen's Cards of the Eighteenth Century" and Robert O. Mennell's "Tea: an Historical Sketch." Two books have even appeared lately on the history of the prize ring.

History of a more academic type will be well represented in the output of the present season. The fourth volume of the "Cambridge Ancient History" will appear under the title, "The Persian Empire and the West," and will include chapters by J. B. Bury on "Greek Literature from the Eighth Century to the Persian Wars," by F. M. Cornford on "Mystery Religions" and by J. D. Beazley and D. S. Robertson on "Early Greek Art." With "Contest of Empire and Papacy," covering the period from 1050 to 1200, the "Cambridge Medieval History" will reach its fifth volume. Medieval history will also bulk largely in a volume of essays written by his friends for presentation to Dr. Reginald Lane Poole, who lately entered his seventieth year but whose unabated vigor is indicated by the recent publication of his "Chronicles and Annals," a sort of history of history, for it narrates the progress of the science of chronology and shows how much the barest tables of dates did for the revival of history in the Dark Ages. We are also to have a study of the "Social Ideals of the Middle Ages" by Father Bede Jarrett, in the "Library of European Political Thought," edited by H. J. Laski.

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NOR will there be any lack of original work limited to the narrower area of the British Isles. Harold J. Massingham's "Downland Man" will concern itself with pre-Roman England, while Jessie Mothersole, author of treatises on "Hadrian's Wall" and "The Saxon Shore," will carry the story a stage further in "Agricola's Road Into Scotland." The editing of the documents in the muniment room of Westminster Abbey, interrupted by the death of Canon Westlake, will be continued by P. B. M. Allan if sufficient financial support is forthcoming from subscribers. Canon Westlake left the first volume ready for the press. Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte, now retiring from the deputy-keepership of the Record Office after forty years' service, is issuing some "Historical Notes on the Use of the Great Seal of England." Much new material has gone into the preparation of J. A. Muller's "Stephen Gardiner and the Tudor Reaction." The most attractive announcement of a non-specialist type is that of a one-volume "History of England" by George Macaulay Trevelyan. It will deal with the growth of the nation and empire rather than with the reigns of Kings and its main object will be to cultivate the historical sense, so that its readers may learn how to apply the teaching of history to present-day problems.

It is not so much the historian proper as the connoisseur that will be interested in H. C. Marillier's forthcoming record of the sales at Christie's famous auction rooms from their establishment in 1766 to the present day. This book will be well illustrated, will be full of anecdotes, will discuss the changes in the public taste and the rise and fall of reputations, and will even analyse "the Christie habit," as illustrated by those who haunt the place out of a fascinated curiosity. Its author holds that it is the sale rooms of England, rather than the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, that provide the best index to the national art history.

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ONE journalist succeeds another as editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. In taking up his appointment to carry on the work of the late Hugh Chisholm, J. L. Garvin announces that he will set before himself the deliberate design to restore the international unity among scholars and experts which was broken by the war and has remained too long and widely interrupted in the peace. He has already secured promises of assistance, to a larger extent than ever before, from eminent statesmen, historians, scientists, philosophers and literary critics in all the chief countries.

According to The British Weekly, G. B. Shaw is the one living man who, "if he had taste for such a task," might write the final life of Woodrow Wilson.—The energetic and versatile Hilaire Belloc is dividing his time at present between the second volume of his history of England, his life of the Duke of Marlborough, a new novel (to be illustrated by G. K. Chesterton and provisionally named "The Emerald"), a book on trigonometry and innumerable newspaper articles.—Dr. George Eayres is bringing out a book on John Wesley, written from a new angle. It will consider him as a philosophical thinker rather than as an evangelist, and will utilize the new material supplied by the cipher diaries.—Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the Home Office pathologist, whose expert knowledge has been of service in many murder trials, has declined an offer of £10,000 to write his reminiscences in a book of 100,000 words.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

Two German Novels of Distinction

EIN ERBE AM RHEIN* (*A Heritage on the Rhine*). *By René Schickele Munich: Kurt Wolf.

DIE GLUCKSFISCHER* (*Fishers of Happiness*). *By Jakob Schaffner. Stuttgart: Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft.

BERLIN.

A SURVEY of the present-day literary products of Germany in their totality reveals three striking facts. First, the great number of translations that appear on the book market. This may be due partly to the circumstance that many writers who are excellent stylists but who lack the imagination essential for independent writing choose this means of earning a decent living. Again, the splendid editions of Balzac's, Victor Hugo's, and Dostoievsky's works, the conveniently bound volumes of Sinclair Lewis's American novels and Galsworthy's dramas, are evidence of the powerful urge, deeply implanted in the German mind, to be bound to all the world and all its phenomena by intellectual ties—an urge that now, after the long isolation of the war, is bearing new fruit.

Secondly, one is amazed at the quantities of books written about others, about princes as well as artists of all times, and about poets also, the romanticists attracting by far the greatest interest. One might be tempted to believe that this, too, indicates a diminution of creative power. But such a view is immediately given the lie by the feverish activity in the business of turning out novels.

The business of turning out novels—it sounds nasty, I know. But it is true that the majority of the books which have appeared is nothing more than fairly good work or unsatisfactory youthful endeavor. The more talented of the "youth" display a decided preference for the drama and poetry. I shall speak of them some other time. But of the books I have before me those that are marked by significance and epic quality all have come from the pen of masters of mature years.

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LET me point to two novels that I read with great delight—for they reveal life in a wealth of color seldom caught between the covers of a book.

Heretofore René Schickele, the Alsatian, has been known in Northern Germany chiefly through his frequently staged play, "Hans im Schnakenloch." But there is no good reason why people should have been less interested in him than in many others whose merit is not as great. René Schickele is a true poet; his language is marvelously beautiful, he loves nature passionately, and he knows all the delicate, often deeply hidden and intricately tangled threads that bind people to one another and yet can become unknotted with amazing suddenness. After I have said this the reader will believe me when I say that the gigantic work "A Heritage on the Rhine" neither is nor is intended to be a problem novel. The main plot is the story of a curiously ardent dual love in the heart of a thoughtless, seductively charming Alsatian baron, scion of a noble land-owning family that has resided in Alsace since the days of Charlemagne. As he speaks of himself, his heart-aches and sentimental tragédies and joys, the young baron also tells of the members of his family, of his relatives and friends, tossed to and fro between two hostile races. This young nobleman, who expresses many of the author's own sentiments, sympathizes with the Germans; but he sees their faults and foibles with an over-keen eye. Yet he treats his own compatriots with even more caustic irony—this border nation which, after serving Germany with undiluted enthusiasm, at the entry of the French (a masterpiece of descriptive art) cannot display enough banners and flowers in honor of the amiable and gay victors.

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OUR hero, Claus von Breuschheim, cannot take part in this mental change; he flees over the border to his house in the Black Forest—indeed, he travels back and forth over the border quite often. And thus his dual love, which many a moral-minded reader will censure, becomes symbolic of the man of mixed blood, placed between two races by birth and training. Deep down in his heart Claus von Breuschheim belongs to his fair, chaste German wife and her music, to his boy and his green home on the side of the Black Forest Mountains. But his senses, his robust love of life, always escape to return to his Latin mistress. Long ago, when he was a boy, in the magic light of Venice, she aroused his burning thirst for beauty, his first sensuous passion; and now he cannot tear himself away from her, despite years of separation. Yet he would not want her for his wife.

The climax, however, is the dying hour of the young German wife after a fall on the Swiss glaciers. The vividness of these scenes brings René Schickele among the poets of the first rank. Unfortunately the composition of the entire book is not as well done as some of the individual chapters. Youthful memories, marriage, politics, and tempestuous love are all hurled together a little confusedly. And when, finally, fate forces the hero to assume the simple duty of guarding and managing for future generations his "heritage on the Rhine," the Alsatian estate of his fathers, the reader asks rather incredulously: How long, dear Claus, will you be able to endure this quiet life of duty?

***

JAKOB SCHAFFNER'S "Fishers of Happiness" is told in a sober tone. Here another note of poetry is sounded—no less fascinating in its own way. The Swiss author tells only of splendid people; and the fact that the story nevertheless is not boring, but extremely entertaining, shows the power Jakob Schaffner has attained in the art of painting souls. For, as every one knows, nothing is more difficult than to make virtue seem attractive. Schaffner likes above all to depict the vigorous men of the Swiss Nation, whose emotional and intellectual life, whose way of speaking and of acting he knows thoroughly. For he himself comes of the lesser artisan class—he himself was an apprentice boy, seeking his fortune with his knapsack on his back, wandering over the highway of Southern Germany, until he discovered his inner vocation to intellectual work, and acquired the necessary culture with persevering diligence. But his style has retained the colloquial tone; pithy and powerful, it savors of fields of ripening grain, while René Schickele's has the perfume and glowing colors of a luxurious bouquet of flowers.

Jakob Schaffner's pen is guided by a profound sense of humor. Never has he been so free of the heavy solidity of the Swiss as in his conception of the merry, animated, beautiful woman who would like to tame the amorous young fisher boy to be her lackey. In this, his latest work, Schaffner has interwoven the gay and serious sides of human life artistically and with profound sincerity; and thus he has succeeded in writing a masterpiece that will live for many years.

GABRIELE REUTER.

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When "Drunk as a Lord" Meant Exactly What It Said

THE COMPLETE PEERAGE, or A History of the House of Lords and All Its Members From the Earliest Times. By G. E. C. Revised and much enlarged by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs. Now edited by H. A. Doubleday, Duncan Warrand and Lord Howard De Walden. Volume VI. London: The St. Catherine Press. £3 13s. 6d.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

HERE is a book of surprises. It looks as if it were going to be the dullest book in the world, and yet, incredible as it sounds, it is one of the most amusing that I have ever read or dipped into. Again, one might expect a book of this kind to be produced, like a State document, without any of the pleasures and adornments of the press. Yet, as a matter of fact, it has a noble page and the printing, done at the Arden Press, i. e., by W. H. Smith & Son, is all that could be desired.

The title page, which, again, is exceedingly well laid out, does not in the least prepare the general reader for the contents of the volume. It gives as a second title to "The Complete Peerage," "A History of the House of Lords and All Its Members From the Earliest Times." This again sounds as if the book were going to be very useful for members of the House of Lords and their families, but as if the appeal would be a narrow one. As a matter of fact, it has as wide an appeal as English History, and the book, when it has been completed and well indexed, will be for historical purposes one of the most useful in the English-speaking world, for remember, it is quite as valuable a record for Americans and the rest of the overseas English-speaking people as for those in the island home. This is fully recognized by the fact that pecuniary and other help has been given by American and Canadian men and women. Lord Atholstan, the Canadian publicist and newspaper proprietor, and a friend of all good causes, might, owing to his own connection with the peerage, have been expected to be a donor; but such persons as Mrs. Edith Hale Harkness, Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, Mrs. Alice Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Waterbury, to mention only some of the names, have shown their instinctive insight as to what causes and institutions are worth supporting by liberal benefactions.

The editors also fully acknowledge the splendid work achieved in the earlier volumes by Vicary Gibbs. His signature to some of the best notes in the present volume shows him to be a man not only of wide learning but a writer with a quick eye to the human side of genealogy. But, though all this can be justified by facts, it is the kind of thing that could be said of a dozen learned works dealing with the origins and the personnel of English history.

What is so amazing about the present book is that, after one has praised its learning and utility, one can turn around to the general reader and tell him that, though he buys "The Complete Peerage" out of love of English history and a desire to preserve a record of a large section of the men who helped to make it, he is to have an immediate reward. He will purchase what looked like a piece of useful arable ground and nothing more; but in it is a pot filled with dozens of gold and silver coins.

To speak quite frankly and plainly, the book is one of the greatest repositories of historical gossip from first-hand sources that it has ever been my luck to behold. You start out with a grave historical statement in big print telling you who was the first peer in this or that family, and you get ample information as to the different offices held by the said peers. You discover who were their wives, their sons and their daughters and whom they married. And then, on the same page and sometimes on three-quarters of it, there are what till you have read them look like a series of prim footnotes: (a), (b), (c) and (d). It is these notes that are the gold coins. They bristle as plentifully with good things as the memoirs of Wraxall and Bishop Burnet, or the letters of Horace Walpole. The way in which these notes have been compiled is delightfully human. In course of their inquiries and searches into memoirs, diaries and letters the learned editors of the work very naturally came upon lots of wonderful stories, sayings and apothegms.

The old-fashioned type of "smellfungus" or "dryasdust," such as Walter Scott and Carlyle derided, would have passed these over as of no concern to the strict antiquary or genealogist. Not so the compilers of "The Complete Peerage." Whenever they found a really good thing, scandalous or amusing or picturesque or with a fine literary flavor, they copied it out and stuck it into their notes! The result, as I have already adumbrated, is an anthology of historical good things of quite unusual entertainment.

In case my readers do not believe what I am saying about this thick-set book of reference, as it appears to be outside, I will take a half page of the notes on the Dukes of Gordon. One would have expected merely a stiff reference to the famous and amazing Duchess of Gordon of the period of the French Revolution; but this is what one gets:

(a) She was a celebrated beauty, and is well described in Wraxall's Memoirs. From 1787-1801 she was a social centre for the Tory Party. "With an opeh ruddy countenance, quick in repartee, and no one excelling her in performing the honours of the table, her society is generally courted." (The Female Jockey Club, 1794.) The chapter about her in this work is headed with the lines:

The Duchess triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.

Her capacity for matchmaking was unrivaled. Of her five daughters, three were married to Dukes (Richmond, Manchester and Bedford), and one to a Marquess (Cornwallis), under whom see a note describing her unblushing admission of conjugal infidelity. On her refusal to renew her residence at George Sq., Edinburgh, because it was "a vile dull place," Erskine wrote the following lines to her:

That is, quoth he, as if the Sun should say
A vile dark morning this—I will not rise today.

For some years before her death she was bitterly estranged from her husband. Her portrait by Reynolds (1785) has been often engraved. G. E. C. and V. G.

Note how the love of a good story induces the editors, though it is somewhat out of their path, to remind us that the "unblushing admission of conjugal infidelity" is set forth in a note in a previous volume.

The aforesaid admission is, by the way, one of the most amazing on record and shows perhaps better than anything else the brutal realism—there is no other word for it—of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The Duke of Gordon was reputed to have touches of madness. This made a suitor for the hand of one of the Duchess's daughters disinclined to come to an actual proposal of marriage. The Duchess discovered what was the cause of his holding back and assured the balancing lover "on the word of a Christian woman" that her daughter had not one drop of Gordon blood in her veins!

Though the notes on the Gordon family are not more poignantly documented than those of any other peerage, I cannot resist quoting some curious notes about the eldest son of the famous Duchess, Lord Huntly. He married the daughter of a wealthy Indian merchant, and this is what the notes have to say about him:

(a) "Lord Huntly now in the decline of his rackety life, overwhelmed with debts, sated with pleasure, tired of fashion, the last male heir of the Gordon line—married. * * * His bride was young, and good, and rich, but neither clever nor handsome. She made him very happy and paid his most pressing debts—that is, her father did, old Mr. Brodie of the Burn, brother to Brodie of Brodie.* * * He made a really large fortune; he gave with his daughter, his only child, £100,000 down, and left her more than another at his death. Really to her husband, her large fortune was the least part of her value: she possessed upright principles, good sense and she turned out a first-rate woman of business. In her later years she got into the cant of the Methodists." (Memoirs of a Highland Lady, 1898, p. 229.) In the same work, on p. 243, the Duchess is described in 1814 as "a stout, bouncing girl, not tastefully attired, with a pale, broad face, very timid, and without the gift of conversation." V. G.

(b) For the last 37 years of her life she devoted herself to works of charity. She became a member of the Free Church (S) in 1846. She occupied "among evangelical Christians in Scotland the position that in former years had been held by the Countess of Leven and Viscountess Glenorchy." See Dict. Nat. Biog. "In Gordon Castle the world and the fashion thereof were disowned by her from the first; and as one distinctive token, there were no balls there during the nine years of her residence." (The Evangelical Movement, by G. W. E. Russell, pp. 67-8.) She used to announce "as a domestic triumph that the Duke 'in case of necessity read Family Prayers.'" G. E. C. and V. G.

For a lightning sketch what could be better than that of this "bouncing girl, not tastefully attired," who, in spite of contemporary sneers and of being neither clever nor handsome, managed to become the ideal wife for a played-out rake and to have held him by pure goodness. The picture that we get of her at the end of her life makes one think of Thackeray's drawings of evangelical aristocrats.

But let no one suppose that these

(Continued on Page 17)

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"The Stooping Venus." Bruce Marshall. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"Spring Sowing." Liam O'Flaherty. (Alfred A. Knopf.)
"Whelp of the Winds." Rufus King. (George H. Doran Company.)

NON-FICTION.

"Dostoievsky, Portrayed by His Wife." Mme. Dostoievsky. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"Grenstone Poems." Witter Bynner. (Alfred A. Knopf.)
"The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese." (George H. Doran Company.)
"Human Experience." Viscount Richard Haldane. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

ANNE PARISH is reported to be at work on a new novel to succeed "The Perennial Bachelor." She tells her publishers, Harper & Brothers, that the book is going so well that she often gets up in the middle of the night to write a chapter or two. Which probably means that when the novel comes out a lot of people will be sitting up nights to read it. "The Perennial Bachelor" has sold over 100,000 copies and is still going strong.

The American Booksellers' Association will meet at St. Louis May 10-13. The four days will be devoted to business and pleasure, beginning with an address of welcome by the Mayor of St. Louis on Monday and ending with a banquet on Thursday evening. On Wednesday evening there will be a public session at Field Hall, Washington University, under the auspices of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick will be the Chairman, and the speakers will be President Walter V. McKee, Carl Sandburg and Albert J. Beveridge. The speeches will be broadcast through Station KMOX.

E. M. Delafield, whose latest novel, "The Chip and the Block," is among the Spring publications of Harper & Brothers, is Mrs. Arthur Dashwood, daughter of the late Count Henry de la Pasture of Llandogo, and of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (now Lady Clifford), who is also a well-known novelist. Her pen name, Delafield, is quite evidently derived from her maiden name, De la Pasture.

New volumes to appear immediately in the "Modern Readers' Series," published by the Macmillan Company, are "Selected Poems," by Robert Burns; Tennyson's "Idyls of the King"; Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and Macaulay's "Historical Essays."

The story of a girl's college career in the University of Illinois is told in Olive Dean Hormel's novel, "Co-Ed," which Charles Scribner's Sons are publishing shortly. It is said to be a brilliant exposition of the life of a mid-Western university.

Here is a Greeley story from Joseph Wood Krutch's life of Edgar Allan Poe, published by Alfred A. Knopf. A young man wrote to Horace Greeley asking if he did not own an autograph of Poe. Greeley replied:

> Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of Edgar Allan Poe. It is his note of hand for fifty dollars with my endorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50.75 (including protest) and you may have it for half that amount.

Baron Palle Rosenkrantz, the Danish novelist, whose "Cat and Candle" has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is an unusually prolific writer. In the twenty-five years that have elapsed since he began his literary career he has produced fifty novels, thirty-five plays and numerous short stories. Many of his novels and plays are detective stories based

(Continued on Page 18)

Third Large Printing

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

a squabble and the two break off relations.

Within a short time he is married to Jehane. Madly in love with her, he discovers her indifferent toward him and devoted only to her portrait painting. He struggles on, but the situation instead of growing better grows worse. At last Jehane leaves him for a playwright whose portraits she has been painting in rapid succession and whom she has loved all the time. He returns to Barbara, who still loves him but will not marry him because the church forbids marriage with a divorced man whose wife is still alive. Angry and miserable, Giles finally gains peace by visiting a monastery school, in whose gentle atmosphere he comes to perceive many things. He and Barbara do not marry, but something of their old relationship is resorted to; and each recognizes his duties in life.

"Common of Angels" is an agreeable, fairly well written novel with sufficient plot to keep it moving at a readable pace. There is nothing new about it; there is not the echo of anything important or distinctive. Miss Terrell has given it something of a sentimental basis, but been wise enough to keep her manner of telling it intact from sentimentality. In theme the novel more than anything else appears to be religious; it gives the impression of having more than just a gentle leaning toward Catholicism and of being subtlaid with a rather parochial spirit. But if this is true, Miss Terrell is in no sense crude in her presentation. Her plot is not manipulated unfairly; Gil does not, explicitly, at least, become converted to the church by visiting the monastery, and there is no trace of personal propagandizing.

As a novelist, Miss Terrell does not face the literary demands of her material squarely enough; she takes the line of least resistance in plot development, too often stating what happens instead of showing how. There are no vital scenes susceptible of climax in "Common of Angels"; there is no attempt at portraying with dramatic vividness the relationships between her important characters; there is no basis of convincing reality to her fable. It moves along easily enough, but without force, without character, without recognition of the values which create life or intensify fiction. Nor does it reveal sufficient charm, or sufficient personality behind it, to be sustained in a different way. Some stories happen incontrovertibly, some could happen, some are made to happen. Among those of this final category "Common of Angels" occupies a fairly high position.

ROMANTIC REALISM

CAT AND CANDLE. By Palle Rosenkrantz. Translated by M. Gwiterman. 297 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

IF this story of a titled egoist and his mountebank partner fails to achieve among English-speaking readers the recognition it has attained in Scandinavia and Germany, its manner rather than its matter will probably account for the failure. Baron Rosenkrantz has concocted an engaging story of the rise to wealth and influence of Peder Steenfeld on the ingenious bluff of his artful agent, Charles Catling. With singular complacency the American mind takes for granted that there is an element of bluff in all success; but the American mind does not take its traditional middle-class morality lightly. This Danish author plays fast and loose with all our bourgeois prejudices, for his method is the method of the sophisticated school of Anatole France, and not the method of the standard school of feminized fiction.

"Cat and Candle" achieves a difficult synthesis. It is romantic realism. For this reason it is apt to fall foul of two sets of readers. It will prove anathema to people who feed their emotions on the lisping lies of sentimentality and prefer "to be moonstruck in the sunshine" rather than to orientate themselves in a world of reality. Lovers of rank realism will dismiss it offhand as not serious in intention. There is nothing of the harrowing drabness of Dreiser in this book, but a finely tempered realism which declines to be intimidated by the natural naughtiness inherent in the heart of man. Baron Rosenkrantz refuses to bungle his facts or their interpretation. His balanced Continental mind does not shy at the brutalities of life, but his wisdom in the ways of the human soul and his ripe understanding of the fundamental compromises implicit in our adjustment to society and the demands of our own spirits give him a tolerant philosophical flavor, which is the fine flower of the romantic-realistic method.

This undogmatic irony of attitude is reprehensible wrong-headedness to the reforming, scientific modern, who believes that "life is real, life is earnest," and our business is to make it more real and more earnest. To this type of mind this bit of Danish pastry will look like poisoned plums. Fortunately, "Cat and Candle" is not a brief for free love, roguery or "light wines and beer," but a delightfully inconsequential tale whose merit lies in its playful irony of attitude and its flouting of the idols of the marketplace. There is no little wit and much wisdom in the book. These are precious virtues which enable one to subscribe to that hard saying of Santayana: "In the sphere of nature the whole life of man is a normal madness."

M. Guiterman has made a fluent and reasonable translation of this Danish novel. Rarely is the reader unpleasantly reminded that he is not reading the *ipsissima verba* of the author.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

WOMEN LIKE MEN. By Allen Leigh. 319 pp. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.

THIS novel has for its theme the right of a woman to adopt the single moral standard. The story will appeal to the sophisticated younger generation, for it tells of things it understands far better than do its elders. Replete with dramatic situations and hectic climaxes, it likewise possesses some of the tingling aliveness which made "The Great Gatsby" a success.

June Loring, 18, and a débutante, infatuated with Alexander Crane, a handsome chevalier d'industrie, insists on marrying him against every one's advice. She is the victim of an all-devouring masochistic love that consumes her like a disease. Her obsession has that curious quality, deep hidden in the hearts of some women, that wants not to be adored and worshiped but to be hurt. Not complete possession of the male; not complete assurance of the male; nor yet complete assurance that he is hers, but the ever-present fear that he is not hers.

I had never before known what it is to be dominated by a man, [confesses June], and yet here was a man who, because he reached out and closed his hand tighter and tighter over mine, took up my thoughts, my awful sickening fears — half-finished— and dropped them off in mid air. I wanted him—wanted the feel of his flesh—more than he wanted me. It was his very lack of apparent desire that drew me so to him. I thought of the desire of the men I had known. It was so obvious—in their eyes, their conversation, their gestures. His was hidden, and so it turned a woman to madness until she brought it out.

This "Allie" Crane is a bloodless creature, a silhouette upon a blank page, with a heart withered and dead. His feelings, too, are atrophied and nothing remains in his soul but lust. He uses the beauty of his young wife to further his own ambitions in a financial world where his foothold is still insecure. Finally, disillusioned by the flagrant unscrupulousness of her husband, June breaks with tradition and determines to experiment with life. She smashes all the "Thou Shalt Nots" of existence, breaking them as men break them, and, like the heroine of "La Garçonne," goes out into the world, ruthlessly to take whatever attracts her. Self-indulgent, she yields to the desires that lie deep in the heart of a woman, calling them forth, dwelling in them. No longer following the virtuous path, she is satisfied with her untrammeled independence until at last the love of a good man brings her up with a round turn to the realization of the abyss toward which she is headed.

The author paints the world as a circus through which blares the symphony of life.

Music that the hands are afraid to play. Age-old hymnal music; organs in churches; hurdy-gurdy boxes; symphonies old as life, melted, molded into one. Music of life. All of it makes jazz! Jazz that is maddening. Jazz on the Judgment Day. It is the Age of Destruction in which women

(Continued on Page 19)

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The Lords

(Continued from Page 14)

footnotes are all scandalous. They often strike out the strangest sparkles and are shrewd and frisky by turns. For example, who would have expected this most intriguing and attractive note in a peerage, complete or incomplete? It is to be found under the head of "Gormanston," and the note is due, we are told, to an article in The National Review of April, 1911, dealing with "Apparitions of Animals." According to that document, when the head of the house dies, for some days before the foxes leave all the neighboring coverts and collect at the door of the castle. The note proceeds:

> This was noticed in 1800, 1876, and again in 1907 on the death of the holder of the title, when the howling, barking, "uncanny and creepy noises" of the animals were observed. It is mentioned, apparently as an explanation of the portent, that the family crest is a running fox, and a fox one of the supporters of the arms. It is a pity that this strange behaviour does not take place in the case of a family where there is a doubt as to the limitations of the patent, for the fact that foxes continued to visit the farmyards as usual on the death of the male heir, but were found in floods of tears outside the castle or chapel on the death of the heir general, would be conclusive. Doubtless, too, in cases of questionable legitimacy evidence as to the conduct of the foxes would be held by the Committee for Privileges as rebutting the legal doctrine, Pater est, quem nuptiae demonstrant. V. G.

Could there be a more sardonic comment upon family tradition!

The notes are always strong on marriages. Perhaps one of the most piquant is that which describes the rise of the Burrells under the head of "Baron Gwydir." Peter Burrell was a country gentleman of no great importance; but he literally shot up into the peerage like a rocket, so the notes say; he affords us a good example of "a petticoat peerage," meaning thereby not one conferred on a royal bastard but a peerage obtained by a man who owed his social and political good fortune to his wife. As Wraxall put it, Burrell's was "a remarkable case of that prosperous chain of events which we denominate fortune."

Wraxall, however, adds an explanation of the mystery. Sir Peter was a man whose "figure, address and advantages of person, accompanied with great elegance of deportment," enabled him to effect this great marriage. Still, luck did a great deal. The marriage only turned out to be great owing to the sudden death of the lady's brother, whose heir she was.

The lady in question was Lady Willoughby, sister of the Duke of Ancaster. Lady Willoughby fell in love with this attractive young man, who, by the way, was appointed Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain and superintended among other things the trial of Warren Hastings, and, like the Irish heiress in the story, she determined to "trate herself to him."

I have marked dozens of other references to good stories in the notes. The Hamilton Dukedom simply reeks with them, as also do the entries concerned with the Earldom and Barony of Harewood. One of these notes contains an admirable lightning sketch by Queen Charlotte, dated July, 1794. She records the engagement of the younger Lascelles, "alias Cupid," to Miss Sebright. "The gay Lothario is to wed the sedate and retired wife; how they will suit, time will show; for beauty there is none nor fortune on the female side."

Under Gowrie we get a résumé of the Gowrie conspiracy, which shows that the genial editors can, if necessary, be inspired by what an Italian would call the terribilita. The story of the conspiracy is crossed by horrible shadows of madness, murder and sexual depravity.

Even in its appendices the sixth volume can be exceedingly interesting and human. I never remember to have seen in any previous work a full list of the children of Charles II. They officially number fourteen; but doubtless there were many unrecorded examples. In any case, the girls almost all married peers, while the boys were created peers. Thus, not only the peerage but quite considerable portions of the population have in their veins the blood of that fascinating and yet debased and disgusting person, the second Stuart sovereign.

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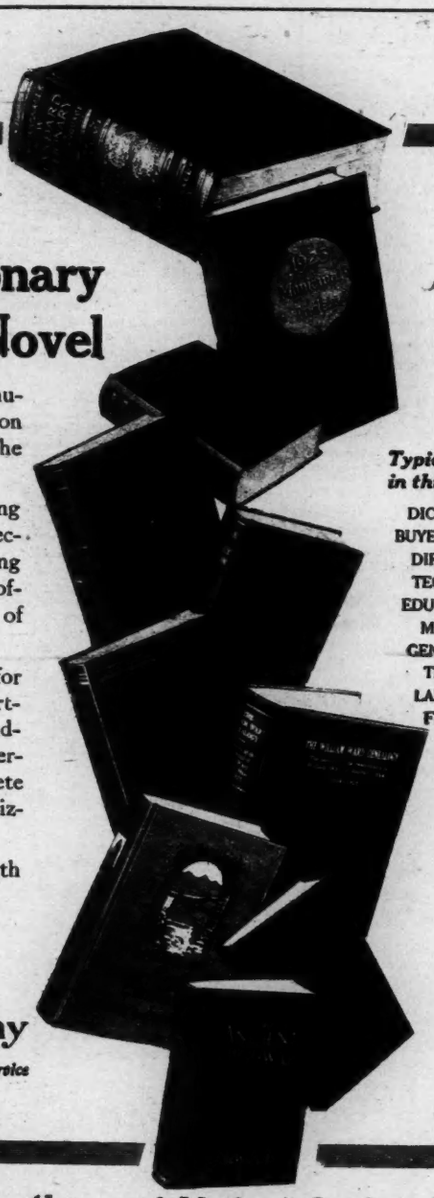

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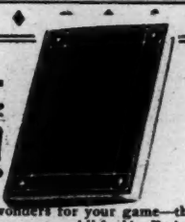

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Books and Authors

(Continued from Page 15)

on his experience in the practice of his first profession, the law. These plays and novels were directed toward the reformation of the Danish criminal laws, and the reform, when it did come, in 1919, is said to have been largely due to his efforts. Baron Rosenkrantz was born at Elsinore, the home of Hamlet, of one of the most ancient Danish noble families. His father was Danish Minister to Italy and his mother was a Mackenzie of the old Scottish clan.

The subject of Dr. J. G. Carter Troop's free lecture at the Hotel Majestic this afternoon at 3:30 will be "The Mauve Decade," by Thomas Beer, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

In addition to his other distinctions Bernard Shaw apparently craves that of being what we in our crude American idiom call "a hard-boiled egg. When Herman Bernstein was preparing his latest book, "The Road to Peace," he sent to Mr. Shaw, as to many other people of prominence, a list of questions to be answered. Mr. Shaw replied: "Suppose you begin by sending me $100,000 on account. But even if you do, I cannot take on the job, as I am just starting for Madeira to snatch a moment's respite from all these horrors." Among those who did answer Mr. Bernstein's questions are Herbert Hoover, William E. Borah, Owen D. Young, Lord Balfour, Havelock Ellis, Romain Rolland, Leonid Krassin, President Masaryk and others. Their replies will be found in Mr. Bernstein's book, which has just been published by Frank-Maurice, Inc.

A copy of the limited edition of "St. Francis of Assisi" was bound in white with purple silk linings and presented to the Pope by Dom Pedro Subercaseaux. It was an especially timely gift in view of the fact that the year from Aug. 1, 1926, is to be devoted to the jubilee of the saint. In acknowledging the gift on behalf of His Holiness the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, writes:

> By its lofty inspiration, which makes of the book a work of high spirituality and raises it above so many current productions in which the author easily descends to vulgarity or strangeness of conception, this publication offers a contribution of the first rank to the study of the soul and true spirit of St. Francis; as the elegance and perfect correctness in the illustrations make of it a gem of exquisite art.

"St. Francis of Assisi" is published by the Marshall Jones Company.

Boni & Liveright have as yet been unable to find an artist capable of drawing a picture of Bunny Gandle, the hero of Heywood Broun's "Gandle Follows His Nose." They are offering a prize of $100 for the best pen and ink conception of this character submitted to them before June 15, 1926. The competition is open to all artists, whether professional or amateur.

Alfred A. Knopf has been conducting some investigations as to books that are read in public. On a train bound for Washington, D. C., he found seventeen people reading "Show Business," by Thyra Samter Winslow. Curiously enough, this book is published by Mr. Knopf. On a Lexington Avenue street car he saw four people reading books, three of which bore the Borzoi imprint. They were "Jericho Sands," by Mary Borden; "Appassionata," by Fannie Hurst, and "Three Kingdoms," by Storm Jameson. The fourth book was a manual of stenography. Mr. Knopf, we believe, publishes no manual of stenography, but that is easily remedied.

The first book of the late Henry Holt to be brought out by the publishing house which bears his name will be "The Hopeful Borderland," announced for early publication. The author-publisher had finished correcting the last proof only shortly before his death in February. It was a settled policy with Mr. Holt to have his books issued by other publishers, but his successors felt that it was fitting that his last book should bear his own imprint.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 16)

have strange desires which it has taken millions of years to breed, but which have come to fruition only in the twentieth century. Desires that women have never before dared to dream about, that men have never understood.

"Women Like Men" is written in the choppy staccato style that is becoming more and more the fashion in a certain class of fiction. Probably because it symbolizes the insouciance of modern existence, the throbbing of a feverish restlessness constantly seeking things which, in the end, fail to satisfy. Through the pages there seems to beat the thrum and whine of jazz, an effect produced by the employing of snatches of broken sentences, single words at times, that have an accentuated syncopated rhythm. They express the evanescent, shifting moods of today's unquiet youth to whom things, unknown a short decade ago, are now so commonplace as to have ceased to startle.

AMERICAN FAMILY SAGA

PLAIN AMERICANS. By Mary Helen Fee. 351 pp. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.

IN her latest story, "Plain Americans," Mary Helen Fee has achieved a saga of American family life quite consciously and deliberately written from the provincial viewpoint. It stands as the apologia—though that word, of course, has far too deferential a sound—of the convinced and confirmed 100-per-center. With the proverbial unconcern of the ostrich head-deep in the desert, the book proclaims on well-nigh every page that America can live to itself alone in a world that began in 1776—presumably A. D. In other words, "Plain Americans" comes as a vigorous reaction to the arrogance of aliens in our midst. It is the exasperated explosion of pent-up emotions in one who views with alarm certain ingredients in the melting pot which apparently refuse to melt. In the present instance the reviewer's chief concern is not to report that the pendulum has swung its furthest in the opposite direction; it is not to indicate that the author has chosen to exalt provincialism to the nth degree; but it is to proclaim that she has succeeded in delineating a lifelike and convincing picture of the American domestic scene, that she has fashioned with skill and charm a simple yet engrossing narrative, and that she has for the most part peopled her pages with characters glowing with full and abundant life.

Fortunately for all concerned, the plain Americans considered are not too plain. The author has none of the effrontery of the second-hand Main Street school of novelists—the effrontery that presumes the reader will find something absorbingly interesting in the goings-on mental and physical of moronic nobodies, who in real life would bore any one to distraction. The Hatfields, the family with whom "Plain Americans" deals, have breeding, education and charm. They boast, moreover, the additional "open sesame" of personality. The family belongs to what the author chooses to call "native stock," being descendants of the hardy early colonists and pioneers. With no credit to the Anglo-Saxon strain and virtues they exemplify, the author represents their Americanism as springing full-armored from the head of Miss Liberty herself. Nevertheless they stand as typical of the best class of present-day citizenship. They talk and move throughout the story with convincing naturalness, albeit their actions must perforce direct themselves toward proving the author's thesis. We meet them in their spacious mansion in a centrally located "Edgewater," at the time the son and two daughters of the house have reached the age when they contemplate matrimony. The eldest daughter and the son marry outside the "native stock." They marry in actual fact outside their class, the daughter above it and the son below. Madge becomes a British peeress; Tom finds himself enveloped in the stolid ramifications of a German-American family of peasant origin. Betty alone remains to choose her spouse from among the elect of the Lord. As it turns out, she marries a millionaire business man old enough to be her father. With a narrative skill rare in novels that dwell chiefly upon character, the author follows out the course of the three marriages. She shows Madge's Americanism blithely discarded for the coronet of a countess; she pictures Tom regaling himself with the spiritual equivalents of beer and pretzels. Only in the mouth of Betty can she place the book's patriotic sentiments.

Fortunately for the readers, Betty emerges as the story's most vital character. Married as she is to age, albeit far from crabbed, the inevitable occurs. Youth calls to youth. With insight, and with a sure grasp of the psychological elements involved, the author indicates the igniting and the gradual flaming of Betty's passion for the handsome, but shallow, young Gilfoyle. In pursuance of the recent trend, the novel includes the period of the war. The story here has an almost sociological interest. Dealing with the fuss and organising of the nation's femininity into fifty-seven varieties of "war work" the chapters seem to indicate how much the club woman element of the country actually enjoyed the war, and how little of the significance and horror of the conflict made itself felt on this side of the Atlantic. The author keeps these chapters consistently in line with her thesis. Accordingly she makes much of our actual participation, and ignores completely the sacrifice in life and treasure of the "alien" allies who kept the world safe for an unready democracy.

For all its self-sufficient provincialism, "Plain Americans" is a wholesome and invigorating tale. The author takes a definite and decided issue with the laissez faire attitude that tolerates the immigrant's denial of American standards, and his grabbing for American dollars. She is unfair in her belittling of the contribution to America's making made by alien stock. But she and those who agree with her have daily fresh cause for exasperation. "Plain Americans" may be recommended as a consistently conceived and well-written book. It holds the reader's interest throughout. Quite independently of its 100 per cent. patriotic propaganda, the story stands out as one to be read for the sheer force of its essential narrative, and for the author's creative power in characterization. All Americans, plain or otherwise, will find genuine enjoyment in this novel.

A HUNTED BACHELOR

MR. BOTTLEBY DOES SOMETHING. By B. Temple Thurston. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

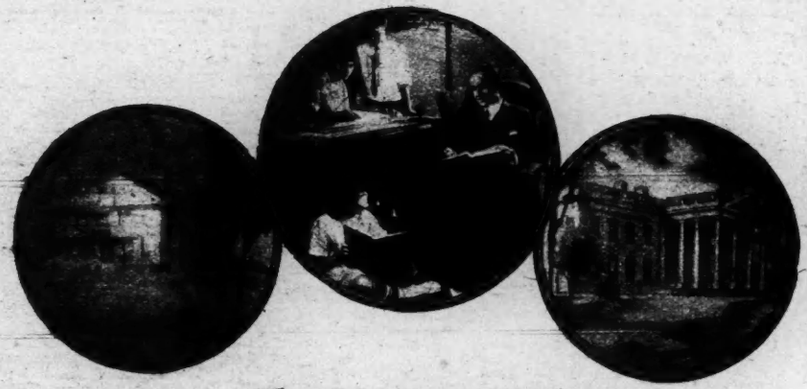
THE female-shunning, middle-aged bachelor, pursued more or less energetically by various ladies with matrimonial aspirations, has always been regarded as a particularly comic figure. And if that same bachelor chances to be absorbed in scientific pursuits, then the comedy element is immediately increased at least a hundred-fold. So the moment we are introduced to Mr. Bottleby, Curator of the Thurnham Museum, we know precisely what to expect.

We know, for instance, that Mr. Bottleby will fall in love, entirely fail to realize what is the matter with him, and flounder helplessly in the emotional sea; we also know that he will at last be brought to land by the firmly helping hand, if not of the heroine, then of the author. And before he is quite submerged, we know he will have trouble with meals and clean collars and small change and so on. All these things, as well as various others, happen to Mr. Bottleby. But E. Temple Thurston's new novel is different from the majority of such tales, in that the author has used his Bottleby for the promulgation of certain rather interesting theories concerning human characteristics and associations, more especially that particular form of association known as marriage. In Mr. Bottleby's opinion: "Modern marriage * * * is a domestic chaos," because:

> The creative supremacy which by nature's right belongs to the female no longer balances the destructive supremacy of the male. * * * We may of course be leading to a determination of sex in which the State will set aside certain females for breeding, and by an artificial generation of neuters the surplus destructive energy may be diverted into channels of mere soulless labor. If that is done the life of the family may yet be saved.

Mr. Bottleby also held decided views on the subject of prohibition: "When by mere legislation a man can stop fruit from fermenting of

(Continued on Page 22)



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Current Magazines

IN the opening paragraph of his article on "Coddling Criminals," in the May issue of Scribner's Magazine, Judge Charles C. Nott Jr., makes this distinction between crime and sin:

A crime is not necessarily a sin, nor is a sin necessarily a crime—none of the seven deadly sins denounced by the Church are crimes. The law, therefore, is not an institution calling upon the sinner to repent, for it has no concern with sin, as such, but only with crime. A crime is an act which is adjudged by lawful authority to be so deleterious to the public good as to require it not only to be prohibited but to require the punishment of those who disobey the prohibition, to the end that, an example having been made, the prohibition will be obeyed.

Judge Nott's argument is that the purpose of punishment is not to reform the criminal but to protect society, and this, he holds, is best done by making punishment severe enough, and above all, certain enough to deter would-be offenders from breaking the laws. In his closing paragraph he replies to those who argue that crime has become less frequent as punishments have become less severe:

Crime is not less in the twentieth than in the eighteenth century because punishment has been diminished; but punishment has been diminished because crime is less. No one is in favor of making punishment more severe than is necessary to accomplish its end. As, therefore, the human race has gradually emerged from the virtual barbarism of those old days, its progress and the progress of civilization have resulted in a lessening of crime—and naturally punishment also has been relaxed. But when it is so relaxed as to become no punishment at all and is so frequently escaped as to warrant the assumption it will be escaped altogether, then there can be no wonder that it fails to act as a deterrent. Such is the condition existing in the United States today, and such it is certain to continue until the day arrives when punishment is restored to its true function as a deterrent, and is made reasonably certain in its infliction.

Other features of this number of Scribner's are "In French Ports," twelve sketches by W. J. Aylward; "A Leader in New Japansese Art," by Caroline Singer; "Don Juan in Baltimore," a story by Leonard Cline; "The Stripped Atom," by Robert A. Millikan; "From Italy: La Tramontana," a poem, by David Carter; "Smoky — A One-Man Horse," by Will James, with illustrations by the author; "Landlocked," a story by Stella Beehler Ruddock; "Small-Town Gastronomy," by Will Rose; an instalment of John Galsworthy's serial, "The Silver Spoon;" "The Understudy," a story by Leigh Morton; "As I Like It," by William Lyon Phelps; "The Field of Art," by Royal Cortissoz, and "The Financial Situation," by Alexander Dana Noyes.

A "six-weeks' vacation in France and England with all expenses paid, for two people, is the first prize in Life's Travel Contest, announced in the "Clean Number" of Life, dated May 5. The winner of this prize will be the person who points out the most errors in a series of travel letters to be printed in Life, and writes the best three-hundred-word essay on "What I Shall See in Europe." In addition to the first prize, there are cash prizes of $250, $150, and $100. The contest closes on July 15.

The state of literature in the United States is considered by John Boynton Priestley in his essay on "Revolt and American Literature" in the May Forum. Mr. Priestley finds that "in spite of an enthusiasm and energy that perhaps no other literature of today can show in equal measure, there is a strain of weakness running through contemporary American literature that is nullifying, from the point of view of actual literary achievement, this enthusiasm and energy." What he conceives this weakness to be is indicated in the following paragraph:

It is the misfortune (though it is also the glory) of the American writer that he has to interpret a country that is using every endeavor to set a heterogeneous mass of people upon one common level of culture and citizenship. A rough and ready standard has been arrived at and then imposed upon the swarming alien immigrants. With this citizen-making duty on hand, naturally the emphasis has been upon likeness and not unlikeness, upon conformity and not upon individuality. Any departure from the norm is in consequence regarded not with curiosity and sympathic interest but with mistrust and dislike. At its worst, this attitude of mind makes people merely anxious to be like everybody else, so that they may be said to live by wearing one another's washing. If ears and toothbrushes and clothes and houses can be standardized, so, too, can people who are on their way when they are using such standardized articles. And something in the nature of the task it has set itself, something in the nation's past history, something, too, perhaps in the very air, seem to be developing a spirit of intolerance. "Touch this if you dare!" is the cry. And, of course, immediately they do dare. Every fiery and eager soul in the place, having examined what we might call the hundred per cent. standard and rejected it, hoists the banner of revolt. Summoning before their mind's eye the image of some determined "hundred per center" with whom they have quarreled, the smug President of their college or a heavy uncle from Wisconsin, the young rebels pour out their millions of words of bitter derision. Because some people think Boobtown-on-the-Prairie is all right, they will prove that it is all wrong. Meanwhile, of course, the real Boobtown is as far from being expressed as ever it was. Something, no doubt, has been accomplished, but it is not the art of literature.

This number of the Forum contains also the opening instalment of a new serial novel, "High Silver," by Anthony Richardson; a debate on the subject "Should Coal Be Nationalized?" by C. J. Golden and Charles Edwin Bockus; "Judaism and Anti-Semitism," by Samuel F. Darwin Cox; "Iskander-Zulkarnain," by N. Polotsvoff; "The Singapore Naval Base," by Hector C. Bywater; "Where Can Man Best Live?" by Ellsworth Huntington; "Nationality and Research," by J. B. S. Haldane; "Why I Am a Baptist," by Edgar Young Mullins; "America's Fear Complex," by John Jay Chapman; "When Two Men Cornered Gold," by Don Seitz; "Meanwhile There Was God," a story by Kate Mullen; "Life in the French Alps," four drawings by Thornton Oakley; "The Itch for Joining," by The Pedestrian, and poems by Marie Emilie Gilchrist, Mary Brent Whiteside, R. R. Greenwood, Medora C. Addison, Margaret Munsterberg and Robert Hillyer.

The Shrine is a new magazine published by and for the nobles of the Mystic Shrine. It is edited by Sewell Haggard and published at 1,440 Broadway, New York City. The first issue (May) contains "What This Magazine Is Going to Be," a statement of the Executive Director; "A Greeting From the Imperial Potentate," by James C. Burger; "Queer Street," a novel by Louis Joseph Vance; "Unto the Least of These," by William Almon Wolff; "The Star-Maker," by Stephen French Whitman; "Dollars That Pass in the Night," by William Hazlett Upson; "The Desert Decision," by William Slavens McNutt; "Mr. Pollock Accuses," by Channing Pollock; "The Enemy," the story of Mr. Pollock's latest stage success; "Every Mother's Son," by Mildred Cram; "A Field Marshal of Figures," by Fred C. Kelly; "Millions Wise and Billions Foolish," by Sidney Young; "Caf-eteria Love," by Karl Green; "The Amateur Myth," by Lawrence Perry; "Within the Shrine," and "For Investors," by Jonathan C. Royle.

The Motor Camper and Tourist for May is a "Seeing New York Number," and about half the articles in it are devoted to the sights of the metropolis. Thus we have "What to See in New York City," by John D. Long; "Educational Institutions of New York City," by Margaret Cambridge Trott; "Wall Street," by Merryle S. Rukeyser; "Greenwich Village," by Doris Long; "The Great White Way," by Edgar Towne; "A Brief Review of New York City Churches," "What to See in the Shops," by Annabel Redman, &c. The remaining articles in the magazine are such as will interest motor campers wherever they may be.

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Brief Reviews

IN THE ARCTIC

BLACK SUNLIGHT: A LOG OF THE ARCTIC. By Earl Rossman. With an introduction by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Illustrated. 231 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.75.

THIS straightforward story of the author's experiences while he was taking motion pictures of Eskimo life in the Arctic is not marred by any pretense of liking all the difficulties he encountered in the Polar seas. "The newcomer's truth about the Arctic," is Mr. Stefansson's way of describing Mr. Rossman's first impressions. The veteran explorer in his introduction admits that the manuscript shocked him at first:

> He writes down as hardships the very things that some of the rest of us delight in, pointing out as drawbacks what we think are outstanding merits. • • • What would be the use of traveling and being comfortable all the time, when you could be even more comfortable at home for less money?

Though Mr. Rossman may have succumbed to a sort of mental snow blindness in the limitless sea of light during the Arctic Summer, the "black sunlight" of a land utterly devoid of darkness, he by no means neglected to make use of the opportunities offered by the twenty-four-hour day. He tells an amusing story of his problem of handling the temperamental Eskimo "stars" for his film and gives a vivid description of a reindeer round-up and whale and walrus hunts. When he tried to take a picture of the aurora borealis, most magnificent of spectacles of the North, the wind-driven snow seeped into his camera, and repeatedly his fingers, eyelashes and feet froze. What was worse, he no sooner started to "shoot" the mad riot of color that burst flaming across the sky than the film itself would snap from the cold. When success came, his triumph was short-lived. One morning, as he returned to his igloo, he saw an Eskimo boy of 6 struggling with what looked like a serpent. Somehow the youngster had broken into one of the two containers holding the aurora film, and 400 feet of it were being blown into the tundra by the sharp wind!

Mr. Rossman never became wholly reconciled to the ice, really a blessing in disguise though seemingly a needlessly cruel visitation. "How it balked affection!" And, yet, when the Wilkins Arctic Expedition set out for Alaska, he was on hand and more than ready to go back, already "one of that limited but ever-growing brotherhood who, by contact with the land and its people, have obtained the freedom of the 'Friendly Arctic.'"

AMERICA IN 1776

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION CONSIDERED AS A SOCIAL MOVEMENT. By J. Franklin Jameson. 158 pp. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50.

WITH each new appraisal of history some cherished notion of bravery or loyalty falls by the wayside. In these four lectures, delivered by the author at Princeton last Fall, the first tradition to go is the "imaginary golden age in the undeveloped America of 1776." Recalling that the finest example of patriotic sacrifice during the Revolution was the Winter's encampment at Valley Forge, he asks why the sufferings had to be encountered and answers that clothes and shoes and blankets and tents were lacking just because the country at large did not support the war:

> Who does not know what would happen if an American army of the present day were found to be destitute even of chocolate drops? It would not be three days before the metropolitan dailies would be voicing loudly a nation's wrath, and carloads of chocolate drops would be rushed promptly to every camp.

So history is rewritten in the light of present-day experience.

Heretofore our histories of the Revolution have dealt principally with its political and military aspects. Mr. Jameson aims to point a way for American historians to do for their country what the French long since did for theirs: to trace not only the downfall of monarchy and the securing of equal political rights but also the social forces at work. And there were social consequences even in America, he contends—consequences shaped not so much by those who started the Revolution as by the desires of those who came into control of it after it had begun.

The American Revolution altered the status of persons by elevating many a plain man to a position of trust. Through confiscations of Tory estates, huge tracts of land passed into State ownership or into the hands of many individuals. And as the population moved westward America gradually became a land of "peasant proprietors." The Revolution ultimately benefited industry and commerce in this country, though by the roundabout route of having the first demands for stability in Federal organization after the war come from the commercial classes. Commerce helped to bring about the better union and was in turn forwarded by it. (Herein, perhaps, as Mr. Jameson does not point out, lies the reason for the strong foothold commerce has in our Government even today.) And finally, the Revolution brought about changes in thought and feeling—a heightened nationalism, an emphasis on personal military glory now practically vanished from the world, an increase of universities, a demand for religious freedom.

Just how far America has progressed in this desire for freedom of thought and feeling may be checked by the statement of an influential Episcopalian from Virginia who said when disestablishment within his State was proposed, "Sure I am that no *gentleman* will choose to go to Heaven otherwise than by the way of the established church."

THE ENGLISH LAKES

THINGS SEEN ON THE ENGLISH LAKES. By W. P. Palmer. Illustrated. 155 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

ONLY some one who has been admitted into the fellowship of those who know the joys of the open road could be responsible for the companionable size of this little volume. It will slip neatly into a man's coat pocket and remind him of its presence rather by its concise information than by its weight or bulk. "There are various ways of seeing the Lake Country," suggests Mr. Palmer. "In this itinerary it is my intention to wander very much at ease, using motor route, cart road, field track and mountain path, just as they suit."

Beginning with Windermere, Grasmere and Rydal—the Wordsworth country—he journeys northward to Derwentwater and to Ullswater and the East Fells. His chapter on the great ridges, Fairfield and Helvellyn, reveals that he knows the pleasures of fell-walking during any season of the year. After Crummock Water, Buttermere and Loweswater, he turns to the lesser known region of Ennerdale and Wastwater and makes clear which sections are worth a day's tramp and which are not. Of the village of Coniston he says that the fairies have all died since the last giant left the grim cave in Yewdale. A concluding chapter describes the new National Park, dedicated in 1924, which was acquired by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District as a memorial to its members who died in the World War. It comprises 3,000 acres of rock and grass and mountain peak east and west of the Stye Head Pass.

There is a generous sprinkling of literary, historical and legendary allusions in the volume. But its chief merit is the definiteness of directions as to where to go and what to see. The author has patiently used the trial-and-error method in tramping and motoring. By seeking counsel here the prospective traveler in the Lake District can be spared many a footless jaunt. The volume is illustrated with unusually good photographs.

PARISIAN SIDESHOWS

THE PARIS THAT'S NOT IN THE GUIDE BOOKS. By Basil Woon. 289 pp. New York: Brentano's. $3.

THE author begins by giving the impression that the Americans he knows in Paris spend all their time at the bar. But forthwith he shatters that illusion. After a Martini or three, a whisky, four or five glasses of burgundy or champagne, the American "social flock" does flutter out to canter on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne, or to study the waistlines of the mannequins at Poiret's or Callot's; to put all "on the nose" for a win at the races or to be ruined forever by baccarat at the gaming den. They must

(Continued on Page 23)

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 19)

its own accord * * * he can talk about a law of prohibition. * * * You can't prohibit Nature."

One of Mr. Bottleby's most marked characteristics was his "capacity for discourse." When he came to apply for the very desirable post of Curator of the Thurnham Museum, and appeared before the council controlling its affairs, he quite literally talked them into giving him the post. It was the only way they had of stopping him. When he began to describe his leanings toward theosophy they simply had to get away: "They all agreed that what he had said about theosophy was extremely interesting. Each one knew quite well that the others had not the faintest conception of what it meant." It was with these same remarkable conversational abilities that Mr. Bottleby produced effects which caused an illogical and indignant bargee to throw him into the Conway River. In fact, Mr. Bottleby never met any one who was able thoroughly to appreciate him until he engaged a young woman as his assistant, a certain Jenny Hazlitt, who was herself a B. A. Jenny's coming led to more complications, complications which became serious when certain domestic arrangements, which seemed quite proper and reasonable to Mr. Bottleby, and but slightly unconventional to Jenny, shocked the ultra-correct ladies of Thurnham to the very depths of their prim and puritanical souls. Since ancient Egypt is now so fashionable, there was a mummy mixed up with it all, the somewhat pathetic though not, as things Egyptian go, especially antique mummy of her who had once been "Ta-mai, the truth-speaking daughter of Tchet-ra, doorkeeper of the Temple of Osiris at Thebes, XXVIth Dynasty, circa B. C. 600."

The book is a good deal too repetitious, and Mr. Bottleby's long discourses occasionally become tiresome, but on the whole it is an entertaining yarn, rather loosely strung together. Jenny is an attractive heroine, and only the most hard-hearted of readers could possibly fail to sympathize with her when she discovers the truth about that little bunch of roses she found upon her dressing table on her wedding day.

SUSPENSE IN SUSSEX

MOTE HOUSE MYSTERY. By Archibald Marshall and Horace Annesley Vachell. 306 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

THE "Mote House" of this story is a moated grange in Sussex, where James Pollen, a bachelor is spending the Summer with his widowed sister, Agatha, and her two little daughters. It is not, as one might suspect from the title, a place of secret panels and underground passages with perhaps a ghost or two thrown in for good measure, but a quiet, peaceful country home, well suited to be the temporary abiding place of a man of simple tastes and rather vague literary aspirations. The mystery in which the occupants of this house become involved emanates from another house near by, or, rather, from the owner of it, a Mr. Allen, who lives there with his daughter, Ursula.

Mr. Allen is a scientist and explorer, of whose antecedents nothing is known. He himself volunteers no information, and up to the time the story opens he has shunned all intercourse with his neighbors. For a reason which becomes apparent as the story proceeds, he cultivates the acquaintance of James Pollen and tells him something of his travels among the head hunters of South America. Pollen is attracted by Allen's evident learning and ability and at the same time repelled by something indefinably sinister about the man.

But it is Ursula who is the chief object of interest to the occupants of Mote House and more particularly to Agatha's son, Geoffrey, a young London physician who comes down for a brief holiday. Geoffrey, it appears, knows of Mr. Allen as an investigator of rare tropical fevers and as one who churlishly refuses to reveal the results of his investigations or to have anything to do with his medical confrères.

The plot of the story deals with the mystery of Mr. Allen's origin and earlier career and with the friendly rivalry of Geoffrey and his bachelor uncle for Ursula's love. The love interest is inextricably interwoven with the mystery element instead of being dragged in by main force, as is the case in so many mystery yarns. It is James Pollen who tells the story, and it is he who is chiefly instrumental in solving the mystery, although he does not pose as a detective and is, indeed, quite unlike any detective we have ever encountered either in fiction or in real life.

James Pollen is by all odds the most interesting character in the book. He is a man of independent means, whose chief interests are books and golf, and he thinks that he may some day write a book either about the eighteenth century or about his favorite game. His sister Agatha, who thinks idleness unbecoming a man of his attainments, is continually trying to prod him into really beginning his literary work, but she never quite succeeds.

A publisher's note on the jacket of the book states that of the two authors who have collaborated, one has furnished the plot, and the other the setting. No one who has read Mr. Marshall's earlier stories of English country life can doubt that the setting is his. The manner in which the story is told, too, suggests Mr. Marshall. It proceeds in the same leisurely manner usually employed by him, with occasional apparent digressions which prove to be no real digressions, but just other ways of arriving at his destination. In spite of its unhurried pace, the story holds the interest fully as well as the more breathless type of fiction.

DEFERRED MURDER

THE PERMANENT ECLIPSE. By Michael Maurice. New York: Frank-Maurice. $2.

THE detective-mystery story nowadays is becoming so standardized that even a slight variation from the established pattern is to be regarded as cause for exultation. Thus, if no one is killed in the first chapter, the book has some claim to novelty; and if the first chapter and the second pass without hint of murder, the author is to be heralded as daringly original.

Judged according to these principles, "The Permanent Eclipse" deserves high commendation. For not only do the first two chapters pass without the spilling of blood, but until the final pages no one is slain. It is true the author makes use of a device second only to brutal and unexplained murder in its popularity—the central character, instead of being waylaid by assassins, quietly and mysteriously slips out of view, so providing an enigma which keeps the detectives busy for the better part of three hundred pages. But even this device of inexplicable disappearance, while sufficiently hackneyed for all ordinary purposes, has been used so much less than the device of homicide that it might almost be said to lend the book distinction.

And, in truth, the book is in need of distinction, for it is made up for the most part only of the ordinary fumblings and perambulations of detectives; and, after a fairly interesting beginning, it settles down to a pace as dull as the average. The story opens when Henry Stafford, the bored head of a celebrated manufacturing plant, drops out of sight with the suddenness of a meteor dropping out of the skies; and for the greater part of the book we follow the futile search that detectives base upon the usual elusive clues. We know that Stafford is not dead, for not only have his footprints been seen, but an envelope has been received enclosing a check in his handwriting; but where he may be, and how he has disappeared and why, is a riddle that, of course, we are not permitted to solve until the author is ready to write "The End." And in the concluding chapter we meet with a solution which, while certainly unexpected and decidedly not without ingenuity, yet makes even more than the average demands upon the imagination and credulity of the reader.

AN ANCIENT HILL

STORM DUST. By Constance Smith. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.

THERE are in certain parts of England districts where dark, prehistoric influences seem still to linger, influences as of blood sacrifices and other unhallowed yet more horrible rites. Frequently other forces have been superimposed upon these earliest ones; the Romans perhaps traveled this way, and after them came Saxon and Danish conquerors, to be in their turn followed by the Normans, and then by many other men and women, drawing near-

(Continued on Page 24)

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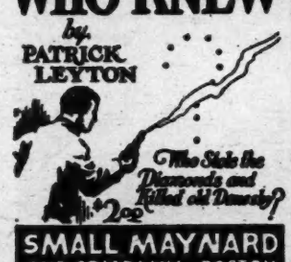

Who Stole the Diamonds and Killed old Dunstay?

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 21)

work, for the night is coming; and that is the signal for them to get together again to eat. Almost any evening, Basil Woon assures you, you will see a goodly sprinkling of Americans at, say, the Chateau de Madrid—that is, you will be able to see them and to count their diamonds only if you have been forehanded enough to bring your smoked glasses along.

It becomes increasingly apparent, as one reads, that this is not the Paris of the guide books; and increasingly apparent, too, that that is just as well—for the guide books. Yet Mr. Woon, who dedicates his volume "to my wife, who made this book possible by letting me out o' nights," will have his quota of readers.

BALKAN FANTASIES

SMARANDA. A Compilation, in Three Parts, by Lord Thomson of Cardington. 257 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

PARTS of a diary, seven sketches and a tale of Western Thrace make up the contents of this anonymous, posthumous volume. No sooner does the reader begin to orient himself amid such untidiness than he is rewarded for his pains by occasional gleams of brilliant wit and by sparkling phrases revealing strange workings of a yet stranger mind. "He [the author] dearly loved a phrase," explains the compiler. "Like a ragpicker groping for lost wealth in a rubbish heap, he pounced on anything that glittered."

The preface gives this clue to the identity of the man. He was one General Y—, an officer of the British army. During the World War his activity was principally in the Balkans; later he spent most of his time in an English provincial town nursing a constituency for which he was the prospective Labor candidate. He himself recognized the advantages in entering public life late: "Not the least is that one has said in private life a lot of idiotic things which otherwise would probably have been said in public and noted by opponents."

In one of the Balkan States—a Latin island in a sea of Magyars and Slavs, disguised by the compiler as Smarandaland—the author met Smaranda, so named by him because she seemed to have the attributes of the emeralds she wore. She was the sort of woman that makes stupid men, with dull, fagged brains, feel brilliant. At 19 she had written a charming book about Alexander the Great. Whatever thought the author does not give to satirizing the pose of patriotism and efficiency in managing the war or the Government, he gives to her. Yet at the end he admits that poor men should avoid women like Smaranda. "Such women, however human they may be, are lovely pictures and need splendid frames."

Of the sketches that form the second half of the volume, the most striking is the one describing a night club in Pera, where K—, a refugee dancing girl from Moscow, threw a sense of tragedy over the artificial merriment whenever she performed. She was one of those exquisite women whom Anatole France has called "the thought of God." They console humanity for a while as did she—the briefest while. Under the Byzantine earth she now lies—

O Terre, sois légère
Elle a posé si peu sur toi.

ELUCIDATING EINSTEIN

THREE MEN DISCUSS RELATIVITY. By J. W. N. Sullivan. 240 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FOR popular expositions of scientific theory the pictorial method has been much in vogue during the past century. The atomic theory, for instance, becomes clear when the atom is presented as a "miniature solar system." But the method becomes useless before the problems encountered in explaining so abstract a theory as Einstein's. Recognizing this, Mr. Sullivan has endeavored to explain what the system of relativity is about, in terms so simple that they will be within the grasp of the ordinary intelligent person. However, this ordinary intelligent person should be warned at the outset that when he comes to a statement to the effect that two equal foot-rules carried from London to New York, the one by airplane and the other by train and steamer, need not agree in length when they are placed side by side in New York, since their four-dimensional routes have been different, he will find that to understand the explanation which follows he will be called upon to muster many more of his mental resources than are required, say, when he is watching his opponents' discards in bridge.

The three men who discuss relativity in this exposition are a mathematical physicist, a philosopher and an ordinary intelligent person. How much is gained by the question-and-answer method is doubtful. When the function of the philosopher becomes that of the chorus in a Greek tragedy, he often sounds a little bored! However, the questions asked do serve as little oases, where the mind can take a brief rest. Occasionally, too, they are definitely illuminating. But that straight exposition can go far in making lucid so complex a problem as the fourth dimension, for example, has been proved in "The New Idealism" by Miss May Sinclair.

Mr. Sullivan is chiefly concerned with outlining the new entities introduced by Einstein—the non-Euclidean four-dimensional continuum—and their relation to those introduced by Galileo and Newton. At first his exposition may bewilder the reader who has made his preliminary approach to the theory of relativity by thinking of space-time as Euclidean and of explaining the motions of bodies in this space-time by introducing a gravitational force. But he does not flounder long, for Mr. Sullivan is never so abstruse or so abstract that he fails in what he has set out to do. He reveals a genial, enviable clarity of mind and transmits this successfully to the printed page.

And, just when light on the subject of relativity begins to dawn for the reader, Mr. Sullivan hastens to explain that Einstein's entities tell only part of the story—the story of large-scale phenomena; they throw no light on atomic and sub-atomic structures. Furthermore, science progresses and its fundamental principles and entities alter. Those of Einstein will probably be supplanted by others in the future.

CONQUEST OF VIRGINIA

THE CONQUEST OF VIRGINIA. The First Attempt. Being an Account of Sir Walter Raleigh's Colony on Roanoke Island, Based on Original Records and Incidents in the Life of Raleigh. By Conway Whittle Sams, B. L. 347 pp. Norfolk, Va.: Keyser-Doherty Printing Corporation.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Sams's account of the conquest of Virginia centres about the effort of Sir Walter Raleigh to establish a Virginian colony in five successive voyages, the greater part of the background is concerned with Raleigh's own career, to an extent which rather submerges the ostensible theme. From the voyage of Captains Amadas and Barlow in 1584 to the last expedition under Governor John White in 1590, and the mysterious disappearance of the colony established in 1587, and a sixth expedition in 1602 to locate "the lost colony," the author justifies a wholesale account of the great struggle between England and Spain for the New World, and so accounts for his preoccupation with the discoverer of Guiana, the hero of the rape of Cadiz, the favorite of Elizabeth and the victim of James.

Dramatically, the author is on sound footing in taking this attitude toward his material; historically he is not so commendable. One reads long accounts of the Spanish Inquisition, including the incredible decree by which the entire population of the Netherlands was condemned to death as heretics. One learns of the Spanish cruelties in the West Indies and New Spain, and one reads of the intrigues of the Tudor and the Stuart courts.

Raleigh's preposterous trial, imprisonment, provisional release, second Guiana expedition, and final execution at the behest of the Spanish Ambassador, provide a thrilling narrative, but one which is somewhat out of place in a history of Virginia. The book, in short, contains more background than foreground, and does not contribute greatly to our knowledge of the beginnings of America. It is a collection of many contemporary documents, edited without much critical sense, which misses the subject of the study, even while amusing the reader.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22)

er and ever nearer to those of our own time. It is about such a place as this and the woman who, single-handed, strove to vanquish it that Constance Smith tells in her new novel, "Storm Dust." The place is a hill in the County of Surrey, three miles from the little village of Tyworth, known as the Martyr's Hill:

It is a hill of immense antiquity. It had a life, a significance of its own before the beginning of history. It was a place of sacrifice. Pagan rites were performed on its defiant, wind-haunted crest. * * * The prehistoric road from Winchester to Canterbury, which was also the road of the pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, went over it; the Catholic Church subdued the pagan rites and fixed the hill as a Christian thing.

Such was the place; the woman who sought to tame it was Jacqueline Frère, whose father was a Frenchman, while her mother was a Jewess.

Only one house stood on the Martyr's Hill, the house known as Hillcrest, where Ralph Frère lived and to which he presently brought his beautiful wife, Jacqueline. She was a widow, still young, with one child and no money. Frère was rich, so, though he was 74 years old, she married him and came to live on the Martyr's Hill. Material success was the only success she recognized, and that, she believed, was to be won through "swaying the ambitions, the lust or the snobbish instincts of mankind." But she quickly realized that living on the hill meant solitude, for the hill was so steep and the way to the house so rough as to be impassable for motor cars. No one wanted to visit her at Hillcrest, no one wanted to come in the evenings "up the darkness of the lane, dripping with rain, sticky and rotting, up the black hillside to be torn by brambles, tripped up by roots, dragged at by sodden sand." Soon Jacqueline learned to loathe the hill even more fiercely than she loathed her lustful old husband. She was a passionate, emotional, undisciplined and materialistic woman, and her hatred for the hill became almost an obsession, a thing stronger even than her love for her elfish little son, Pat. Then one day the owner of the estate to which the hill belonged died. His successor sold the Martyr's Hill to Ralph Frère, who gave it to Jacqueline to do with as she pleased.

It is at this point that the story opens. Jacqueline was determined to transform the hill by building a bungalow colony, the gayer and brighter the better: "The trees should go; the silence, the loneliness, the earth and rain scents," and in their place there should be houses with pink roofs and blue verandas, full of gramophones and bridge parties and fox trots. Jacqueline did not in the least perceive that what she was contemplating was an outrage and a violation. She was honestly amazed that other people should protest, people who, as she reminded some of them, were not obliged to live in the isolation of Hillcrest. The thing speedily became a contest between the power of her will and her youth and her money, and the dark, strange forces of the hill, a contest which rapidly involved not only the Hillcrest household but several other people, among them Eirene Tallentyre, Jacqueline's friend and antithesis, and Wallace Renard, the architect with whom Eirene was in love.

The tale is one of fierce love and fierce hatred, with consequent adultery and the horror of a dead body slowly rotting beneath the ooze and slime of the bridge which was once part of the Pilgrim's Way. The plot is complicated and well constructed, the incidents cleverly devised and put together, while the atmosphere of mystery and a kind of tense, brooding horror have been ably produced and sustained. Yet one cannot help feeling that at the end the author has been rather unduly severe with Jacqueline, especially in the matter of her relations with the boy Pat. For adulteress as Jacqueline was, she could not justly be called a murderess, since she acted not only under extreme provocation but in self-defense and without intent to kill. She is real, and so are the other women, while the little village of Tyworth and the gossips who so longed for drama have been deftly and sympathetically sketched; but the men are all shadowy and without vitality. The chief fault in the book is that it is overwritten, overelaborated. There is too much repetition, too much dwelling on points already sufficiently indicated, so that what should be interesting often becomes tedious. And this is a pity, for "Storm Dust" is in many ways a forceful and worthwhile novel, which could quite easily have been made much better than it actually is.

America as a Dependent Nation

(Continued from Page 1)

Australasia and France. A kind of clay called kaolin, existing in the United States in insufficient quantity and comparatively poor quality, is imported not only for pottery but for making high-grade paper. The antimony and tin used in making type metal are not to be found in the United States; the tin has already been mentioned and the antimony comes from China. Printing inks contain linseed oil, soy bean oil, china wood oil, chrome and various gums, such as copal, damar and kauri, not to mention manganese and cobalt doing service as driers.

The radio is our newest toy—perhaps it is on the way to becoming a necessity. Nothing could be more international:

In one standard receiving set are 2,000 different parts, omitting the tubes. Each of the seven tubes has thirty-two parts. The list of the materials entering into these is a lesson in physical geography, for the continents are there, the shores, the plains, the hills and islands appear, and the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Black men, white men, yellow men, brown men, are collecting today materials all over the earth for the radio of tomorrow. * * * It is said that the ingredients comprising a radio set have among them all traveled 250,000 miles between their places of origin and the factory where they were finally combined.

This is "DX" with a vengeance!

When the status of international trade is joined to the possibility of war an easily imaginable situation arises. Some of the materials needed in war we can probably manage to produce, even in cases where we do not produce them in time of peace. But unless we accumulate large reserves for a future conflict we may find ourselves hard put to it for others. There are at least thirty "strategic materials" which, as Mr. Redfield says, "we do not produce at all or can supply only in quantities which are insufficient even for peace-time requirements." Something can be done in the way of patching and substituting. But, says Mr. Redfield:

It is, on the whole, rather evident that we shall have to select the nations with whom we are going to fight in the future with a great deal of care, so as to avoid their being the only people who possess the materials we must have with which to fight them.

But Mr. Redfield, though hardly a pacifist, looks beyond war. He sees economic internationalism following the internationalism of the arts and sciences, and he holds that the "ends of the world have come near, and that no nation liveth to itself." "If we are to advance," he concludes, "it must be by a closer sense of unity with all men everywhere, and with a candid acknowledgment of common duties, common obligations, common responsibilities."

Or, as President Wilson put it, "The interests of all nations are ours also. We are partners with the rest. What affects mankind is inevitably our affair, as well as the affair of the nations of Europe and Asia."

One problem in this network of international relations, it is only fair to say, Mr. Redfield does not face. The "cooperation" between the white man and the native who furnishes the white man's raw materials has more often than not been a form of slavery. The struggle for these materials may just as easily lead to conquest and empire as to brotherhood. Mr. Redfield is a shade too optimistic. Commercial interdependence does not necessarily bring on the millennium.

However, he has furnished some literary raw material which should prove beneficial. A World Court does not seem especially dangerous when one thinks of the infinitely greater involvement of rubber, tin or manganese.

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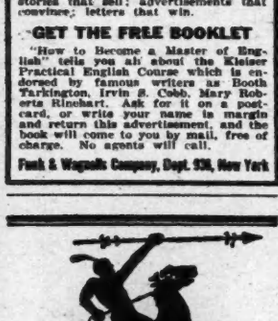

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Six Lyric Poets

(Continued from Page 6)

"Runner," is one of the most successful of these pieces:

You are not for valleys. Or for any maiden.
You are a runner. I have seen. I know.
You were never made to move, laden, heavy-laden;
You were born to nimble air. I have seen you go.

One wind is your wind. I have seen you finger
Forms in the air, sightless, hard to hold;
Nothing ever held you, ever made you linger;
Ever even ran with you; no one, young or old.

She is like a sickle, cutting swathes with rasping,
Swishing as she comes, and the trees lie down like wheat;
Go to find your phantom now, clasping and unclasping
A wind, eluding open hands, eluding lightest feet.

In meter, this, with perhaps some slight variations, is reminiscent of Meredith's "Love in the Valley," one of the most magically cadenced poems in English literature. One is only astonished to find it has been so little copied. Perhaps Genevieve Taggard's successful use of it in "Runner" will open eyes to its possibilities. But one is not surprised at finding it used by the present poet, for "Words for the Chisel" prove that their author has a true ear for cadence. Indeed, not often does one come across lyrics today so delicately musical in a variety of rhythms as will be found crowded into this slender book. Nor are Miss Taggard's poems wanting in intellectual appeal; mature in thought, and attaining marked beauty in expression, they bid the doubters of modern poetry take heart.

For the three poets remaining of the original group who knocked at our doors, what has been said of "Words for the Chisel" will generally apply. In Marie Emilie Gilchrist's "Wide Pastures," "Not Poppy," by Virginia Moore, and Mary Ballard Duryee's "Avenues of Song," the gift for cadence is marked, although not any one of these reaches quite so near to perfection as Genevieve Taggard comes. Marie Gilchrist has a talent for reproducing objective beauty, and many of her poems are pictures, rather than songs. But her reproductions are lyrics, not prose pictures. In "Not Poppy" and in "Avenues of Song" there is a lighter touch than in any other of the volumes under discussion, with several charming turns of humor. With none of these last poets, perhaps, is there any one poem which stands out markedly from its fellows, but a uniformly high standard is attained and maintained.

This, in sonnet form, from "Wide Pastures," bears the title "February":

A twilight land, sweet with cool airs and snow
Low-lying in a globe of spangled sky.
In waves of apple-green that ebb and flow
As daylight fades, a crescent moon rides high.
The snows are old and flawed by wind and sun,
Ribbed like the sands by gusty tides of storm
And undermined by mice who keep them warm
In nibbled nests till thawing has begun.

New moon, new moonlight on the age-old snows
Touching the earth with nascent necromancy,
Till with an answering radiance it glows
And wakens with a sigh; while I, in fancy,
Hear silver clamor of bee frogs that sing
The rare Resurgam of another Spring.

There is some faltering in these lines; words of weakened vitality are made to carry a burden too great for them, and the rhyming is lacking in distinction. But Miss Gilchrist has an appreciation for the more fugitive aspects of nature—witness her fieldmice under the snow—that moves one to ponder on the general lack of observation among human beings. A reader's world is made sweeter by poems of the homely genuineness of many of the lyrics in "Wide Pastures."

Mary Ballard Duryee comes nearest of all our poets to the lyric which makes its appeal through the lilt of its lines. There is a difference between lilt and rhythm. These are two stanzas abruptly snatched from a moderately long piece.

Sorrow has strayed along the beaches,
Anger and tears have washed the sea,
But we return where the sure tide teaches
Its deathless trysting to you and me.

Love has challenged—a trumpet calling—
Clearer now than it ever blew,
Ours is the night, with the black tide falling,
Ours is the morning the years renew.

That this is a Swinburnian echo cannot be denied; but it is an authentic echo. And there is, perhaps, quite as much substance as in much of Swinburne. And it has the power to please.

And having the power to please in a much greater degree are the several poems in "Avenues of Song," in which the author writes from the child's point of view. This one is "Church":

I asked my mother once if she
Thought fairies went to church like me.
She said that there were hundreds there
At hymns and psalms and praise and prayer.

And when we leave she thinks they stay
And play a bit their softest play;
The colored windows make them think
That Summer's come—all in a wink!

Many readers will wish this little book for the children's poems, for they all have delicate grace and whimsical turns of thought.

Objection and Reproof

Editor The New York Times Book Review:

A copy of THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, dated Dec. 27 of last year, has come into my hands, and I notice a statement about Joseph Conrad's nationality, quoted from Mr. Pennell's book, "The Adventures of an Illustrator," which requires to be refuted. As one of Conrad's executors and trustees, and as an intimate friend of his for many years, I venture, therefore, to state the facts as they really are.

According to Mr. Pennell, Conrad told him that he was born at Berditchev in Little Russia and that he was a Jew. It is quite true that Conrad was born in Berditchev, either in the district or the town—then part of Russian Poland and now a short way over the border into Russia proper—but it is totally untrue that he was a Jew. There was not one drop of Jewish blood in his veins. Mr. Pennell's memory must be completely at fault on this matter. For generations back Conrad's family on both sides were purely Polish, apart from one ancestor who was either French or Italian.

In The New Republic (U. S. A.) of Aug. 4, 1918, will be found a long letter from Conrad to a correspondent, giving an account of his family and saying in the most explicit terms that he was not a Jew, as Mr. Frank Harris, the writer, had apparently stated in some publication. I may be allowed, perhaps, to quote a couple of paragraphs from this letter:

I imagine that Frank Harris called me a Jew in his publication as a manner of insult and in the hope of causing me extreme annoyance.

But I don't feel annoyed in the least. Had I been an Israelite I would never have denied being a member of a race occupying such an unique place in the religious history of mankind. I send you this disclaimer simply in the interest of truth.

It seems a great pity that this fantastic story of Conrad's Jewish origin should, every now and then, be started. It is utterly without foundation and devoid of truth.

RICHARD CURLE.

London, England.

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(Continued on Page 29)

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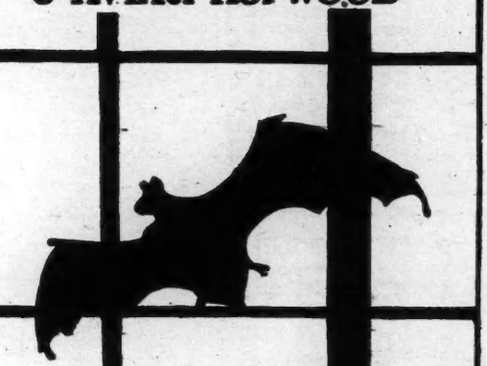

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Notes on Rare Books

THE sale catalogue of the library of Dr. George C. F. Williams offers a clear and illuminating exposition of his belief that the American Revolution may not be regarded as a separate entity in history. It had its preamble in the French and Indian War; its aftermath and echo in the War of 1812. The War of Independence cannot rightly be considered apart from these events which hedge it in, and the Williams collection offers a satisfactory demonstration of the validity of that opinion. At this late date no one, we suppose, would be seriously inclined to dispute this contention, and the historical student accepts it as a fact too obvious for comment. The period between 1775 and 1783 to which some collectors confine themselves offers ample opportunities for the formation of a library, of course. There are several thousand tracts, &c., published between these two years alone devoted to the American Revolution. But while a single-minded concentration on them has produced impressive collections for bulk, they are not so historically important nor half so interesting as that of Dr. Williams.

We think his library of books and autographs recorded in the Anderson Galleries sale catalogue for May 17 and 18 (afternoons and evenings) one of the most interesting we know, and reading the catalogue has provided us with genuine entertainment. It is a neatly rounded collection, "covering" (to quote from the title of the introductory brochure) "the genesis and growth of the United States in the earlier vital stages" (comprising) "books, broadsides, pamphlets, autographs, documents, manuscripts from the French and Indian War * * * to the War of 1812 * * * and embraces the intervening crucial periods and outstanding events of the whole historic area. It includes a particularly large collection relating to the Stamp act." It is exclusively devoted to these three periods; no casual strays have been admitted to its carefully selected ranks, and in its orderly array in the sales catalogue it makes a most unusual showing. If, in such a spectacle, Dr. Williams has not been able to display a number of those gilded rarities that call for breathless exclamations and superlatives he can offer much interesting and varied compensation.

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BUT with all this—with its completeness, its excellence in some phases and its air of intelligent purposiveness—it is lacking in those elements by which it could be termed a really great collection. While it is not an autograph collection, it could not disregard certain groups of autographs for its purpose. It is in this division that it falls down most conspicuously. We have, perhaps, been spoiled by the exhibition made by the Manning autographs. After all, the kernel of any collection of American material such as that of Colonel Manning or Dr. Williams is their sets of Signers. Except for the fact that the Williams catalogue records two Gwinnett signatures (one "cut") it cannot approach the Manning collection in value nor in interest. There were about two dozen 1776 autograph letters signed in the Manning library; there are two in that of Dr. Williams. The great intrinsic merit of the Signers' letters in the former collection awakened that unqualified admiration for them which was a complete tribute. Many of the Williams autographs in this division are of the most ordinary variety. Not all of them, of course, may be thus casually treated. The letter of John Adams to Colonel Trumbull, though late, is very fine; the document signed by Samuel Adams has a definite historical value; the joint letter catalogued under Benjamin Harrison is certainly exceptional and of prime importance, and a number of other Signers' letters deserve the highest commendation. Then, too, one may not overlook the Gwinnett document of 1774. These are a few of the high lights of Dr. Williams's set of the Signers. While it is likely, of course, that Dr. Williams looked upon the Signers as only incidental to his purpose, the absence of letters of the quality of those in the Manning collection, or even approximating that quality, does reduce the interest and value of his own.

***

IT is in his Stamp act collection and some of the books and tracts of the French and Indian War and Revolutionary period that the virtue of Dr. Williams's library is most apparent. If he has no Washington Journal, 1754, he has a number of other books which he may display with pardonable pride. It is not so often that collectors of Americana are offered such rarities as the following:

Authentic Account of the Proceedings of the Congress Held at New York, 1765. (London,) 1767. Only two contemporary printed accounts are recorded of this famous "Stamp Act Congress."

The Beginning, Progress, and Conclusion of the Late War. London, 1770. Rare French and Indian War item.

A Bill To Enable His Majesty to conclude a Peace, or Truce, with the revolted Colonies in North America. (London) 1782. First issue of the "Enabling Act," only a few copies of which were printed for members of Parliament.

Bolton (Thos.). An Oration delivered March 15th, 1775. (Boston.) 1775. Apparently the only copy of this burlesque oration offered publicly in many years.

Boston. Printed Letters from the Committee of Correspondence, (Boston, 1774), being Boston's original call for help.

Non-Importation Agreement. Broadside, 1774. An unfilled copy of this scarce original issue. Only one copy located by Evans.

Broadside, New York, 1776, being the original printed form and official summons issued to Loyalists under the Act of Attainder. (New York, June, 1776). Not in Evans.

Calef (John). The Siege of Penobscot. London, 1781. Extra-illustrated.

Colden (Cad.) The Conduct of, (London), 1767.

Faithful Account of the Whole of the Transactions relating to a late Affair of Honour between J. Temple, and W. Whatley. * * * London, 1774. Apparently the only copy to occur at auction. It includes a letter of Franklin, exonerating both Temple and Whatley for the affair which led to their duel.

Holly, (Israel) God brings about his holy and wise Purpose or Decree. * * * Hartford, 1774. Only three copies said to be known.

Hutchinson, (Gov. Thos.) Strictures upon the Declaration of Congress, London, 1776, with other tracts. Governor Hutchinson's own copy.

Mante, (Thos.) History of the Late War in North-America, London, 1772, with all the maps and plans.

Newburgh Addresses. A Collection of Papers, Fish-Kill, N. Y., 1783, being the original edition of Washington's Newburgh Addresses.

Paine, (Thos.) A Dialogue between the Ghost of Gen. Montgomery * * * and an American delegate. (Phila.) 1776. Only a few copies recorded.

Penobscot Expedition, Proceedings of the General Assembly, Boston, 1780.

Provisional Articles Signed at Paris. London, 1783. Being the first treaty between England and the United States.

Romans, (Bernard.) Annals of the Troubles in the Netherlands. Hartford, 1778-82.

Rules and Orders to be Observed by the Anti-Stamp Fire Society, (Boston, 1768).

Stamp Act. The Four Original Laws which led to the Revolution. London, 1765-6.

Washington, Letters from, (New York) 1778. Few copies known.

***

AMONG the autographs are a war letter from William Bradford, 1777, the son of New York's first printer; Hewes, 1775, on the preparation for war; a 1776 Hooper letter; a Lynch signature from the Joline collection; a fine Arthur Middleton letter (c. 1761); one by George Read, 1774, on Delaware's action toward revolution; that of Edward Rutledge, 1776, on the first attack on Charleston; a historically important specimen signed by William Whipple, 1775, relating to the Indian allies; a letter written by William Whipple, 1780, on Arnold's treason, as well as his original account book, and his copy of Washington's report of the Battle of Germantown, &c. There is, too, so fine a piece as the original autograph manuscript of Chapter III of Governor Hutchinson's "History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay," and several extremely important letters of Robert Livingston. Several valuable pieces are recorded near the end of the catalogue, such as the Provisional Articles of Peace between the United States and Great Britain, from the private and secret files of Lord Shelburne; an A. L. s. of General Putnam, whose letters are really rare, and several fine letters of Washington, in one of which he gives an account of his family genealogy.

The catalogue has been excellently documented. It is an alert and intelligent piece of work and of considerable value to the student. It is apparent that Dr. Williams is not merely a collector of books, for he knows these volumes and autograph documents intimately.

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QUERIES

"By Rose Terry Cooke"

C. R.—There was published years ago in a collection of poems of many lands, one by Rose Terry Cooke, which may have been called "Alpine Summits." It began, as nearly as I can recall, "A traveler—climbing Alpine heights," and ended, "courage, faint heart, count not thy toils in vain, beneath the summits of thy pain lies Italy." Can any one help me locate it?

"On the Threshold"

F. L. I.—I would like to find a poem I owned years ago, but have mislaid, that contains these lines:

I am standing on the threshold
Of Eternity at last,
As reckless of the future
As I have been of the past.

"Live for Something"

S. A.—Please tell me the author's name and where I may find the complete poem in which this verse is found:

Live for something! Have a purpose!
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou cans't ne'er to self be true
Half the wrecks that stow life's ocean.

"From Shakespeare"

E. S.—Would some one tell me from what play of Shakespeare's this quotation is taken?

"To work we love, we rise betimes
and go to it with delight."

"A Little Toad"

E. A.—Would some one tell me where I may obtain a complete copy and the name of the author of a poem, the first stanza of which runs:

Oh, the funniest thing I've seen today,
You'd never, never, guess!
A little toad sitting under a leaf
Was solemnly changing his dress.

"The Difference"

J. D.—Would some one kindly give me the rest of the poem that contains this stanza?

A dear little boy who was hard at play
Sat down on the ice one day, one day.
His hands flew up, and his feet flew out,
And he felt very sad, I haven't a doubt;
Till as much as a minute or two had passed,
And never a tear did he shed—not he
For he was a boy, with a big, big B,
For he was a boy you see.

"Come Back Clean"

A. M. B.—Would some one tell me where I may find the poem containing these lines?

"Tho I may lie in the mud of the trenches, I will come back clean?"

"Utopia"

A. S.—Where may I find the verse entitled "Utopia," supposed to be by Sir Thomas More, describing in condensed form an "Ideal Commonwealth?"

"June"

E. C. Q.—Can any one tell me where to find a poem which describes the month of June and begins something like this:

I know a little maiden,
Who wears a hat of green,
All trimmed with red, red roses
And a blackbird on the brim.

"Life Is Vain"

M. R.—I would like to identify the poem entitled "Life Is Vain." I have no information at all about it other than the title.

"Two Quotations"

L. M. S.—May I ask a reader for the source of these quotations: "And like a fiery planet mount and burn," and this one, "Like a dull worm to rot; thrust foully into the earth to be forgot."

"The West"

C. L. B.—I would like to know where I can find the poem "The West," by Catherine Parmenter.

"Something to Tell You"

C. A.—The following lines are a copy of a manuscript formerly in possession of Abraham H. Dyer, dated Feb. 22, 1856. Can any reader tell me whether they were written by him and, if not, who is the author of them?

I have something to tell you,
But the secret you must keep,
And remember, if it isn't right
I'm talking in my sleep.

"Separation"

B. C. M.—Sometime during the beginning of the late war a poem appeared in these columns, which I am anxious to obtain. The title was either "Separation" or "Separated," and it was anonymous.

"The Red Gods"

E. L. McM.—Where can I find the poem, in which is repeated several times the lines: "The red gods are calling, calling, on the other side of the world, your overdue."

"The Crimson Cross"

D. B.—Would some reader tell me where to find a complete copy of the poem entitled "The Crimson Cross," the opening lines of which are somethink like these:

• • • upon Golgatha's stormy crest
Three crosses stretched their empty arms
Etched dark against the West.

"The Bridge You'll Never Cross"

H. A.—Can any of your readers furnish me with the complete lines of the poem "The Bridge You'll Never Cross?"

ANSWERS

"Aurora Leigha"

WILLARD H. ALGER, Esq., Otego, N. Y.—The following will answer the request of A. S. B. in your issue of April 25:

Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar, wrote in a letter dated July 15, 1861:

Mrs. Browning's death was rather a relief to me, I must say; no more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, I know; but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children; and perhaps the poor; except in such things as little novels, they only devote themselves to what men do much better, and leave that which men do worse or not at all.

Browning wrote to Edward Fitzgerald:

I chanced upon a book yesterday;
I opened it and where my finger lay
'Twixt page and uncut page these words I read—
Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby
That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye
She never knew, "thanked God my wife was dead."
Ay, dead! and were yourself alive, good, good Fritz.
How to return your thanks would task my wits;
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs,
While some appropriate greeting lends you grace;
Surely to spit these glorifies your face—
Spitting from lips once sanctified by Hers.

Browning was ashamed of himself and tried to suppress the "poem," and it is omitted from his poems by his wish. It appeared in The Athenaeum of London July 18, 1889.

Sam Woods, Akron, Ohio; Margaret Holmes Bates, New York, and Miss A. Schlesinger, New York, also answered this request. Mrs. Frank Dixon, Brooklyn, N. Y., tells us that the poem "To Edward Fitzgerald" by Browning was written in 1859 and may be found in volume 12 of his poems, published by Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

"A Centipede and a Frog"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—My version of the centipede and the frog wanted by C. P. W. (April 18) runs as follows:

The centipede was happy quite
Until a toad in fun,
Said, "Pray, which leg goes after which?"
That worked her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run.

It is from a poem entitled "The Centipede," by the late Mrs. Edward Crasier, in 'Pinafore Poems," published in England in 1871. Dr. Sarah P. White, Syracuse, N. Y.: also answered this request.

"Bring My Brother Back to Me"

EDITH M. THOMPSON, Elizabeth, N. J.—In your issue of April 18 H. McD. inquires about a poem and its author, whose name I do not know, but the title of the piece, which is really a song, is "The Child's First Grief." It is too long to publish in full, but the first and last stanzas are given below, in which the lines, "Oh, while my brother with me

(Continued on Page 32)

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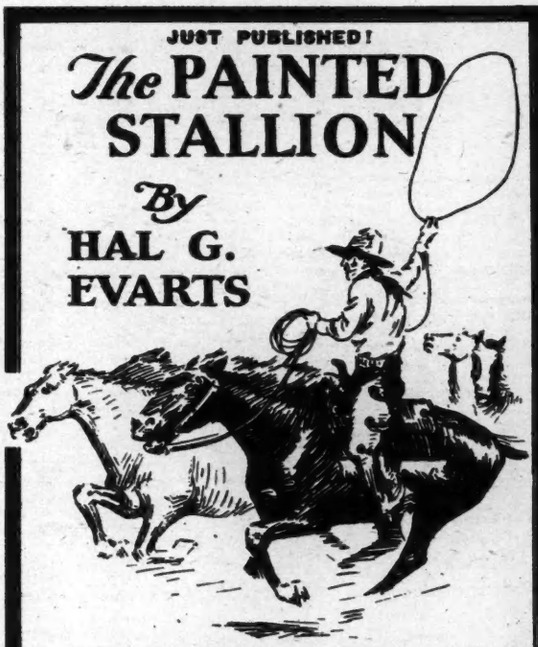
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(Continued from Page 28)

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Continued From Preceding Page.

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 28)

played, would I had loved him more," wanted by our correspondent, may be found. A complete copy has been sent to him.

Oh, call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone.
The Summer comes, with flower and bee,
Where is my brother gone?

And by the brook and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh, while my brother with me played
Would I had loved him more!

This poem was printed in full in these columns of Oct. 18 last. A number of readers answered this query, not a few of whom supplied copies of the poem.

"The Mortgage"

AUGUSTUS H. MILLER, New York.—The poem W. G. M. refers to in your issue of April 18 is entitled "The Mortgage," and is by Sam Walter Foss. It contains nine verses and is too long to print here, but we give below the first stanza:

He bought in 1685 a farm of stumps and stones,
His name was God-be-Glorified, his surname it was Jones.
He put a mortgage on the farm, and then, in conscious pride,
"In twenty years I'll pay it up," said God-be-Glorified.

Mrs. Theodore Starrett, Cold Springs, N. Y., sent in a complete copy of the poem and tells us that it may be found in Foss's "Back Country Poems." Ella F. Baker, Paterson, N. J., also contributed the poem and a copy of it has been sent to our correspondent.

"In Paradise"

GEORGE W. HUMPHREYS, Cohoes, N. Y.—The poem asked for by P. M. W. in your issue of April 18 is, doubtless, the one by James Aldrich entitled "A Death Bed," as follows:

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumined the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise.

This poem is found in Stedman's "American Anthology," and also in Knowles's "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics."

Mrs. Mary F. Gouverneur, Poland Park, Md., and Ray S. Ball, Huron, Ohio, also contributed a copy of the poem.

"Queer People"

L. W. CRAWFORD, Philadelphia, Pa.—The stanza written below was asked for by B. B. in your issue of April 18:

The people people work with best
Are sometimes very queer,
The people people own by birth
Quite shock your first idea.

The people people have for friends
Your common sense appall,
But the people people marry
Are the queerest folk of all.

Sophie Gepburn Atkinson, Amherst, Mass., and Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., give the author as Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman. Other readers who contributed this piece are Miss C. Berry, Washington, D. C.; E. M. Woodford, Hartford, Conn., and Mrs. Phoebe McConnell, New York.

"Take Me All"

MRS. HATTER REED, Montreal, Canada.—M. T., in your issue of April 18, asks for the following poem by Cecil Spring Rice.

Make me no long tarrying, O my God!
May the downward path be simply trod.
Swiftly the failing feet descend;
Short the road, and soon the end.
When Thou takest, then take me all.

And as the sun sinks in the sea,
Nor dim, nor pale, nor overcast,
By no sad change, nor slow degree
Radiant and royal to the last;
So take the gift Thou gavest me.

The title of the poem is not given. A copy has been sent to our correspondent. Louise E. Grant, Akron, Ohio, also sent in the poem.

"The Brotherhood of Man"

THE REV. ALTON HOUSE COWLES, Buffalo, N. Y.—In your issue of April 18 A. C. E. S. asks for "The Brotherhood of Man." This rather atheistic poem is published by the Universal Life Institute at Creighton, in pamphlet form for 20 cents. The leaflet is entitled "My Religion," and the author is Philip John Fishback.

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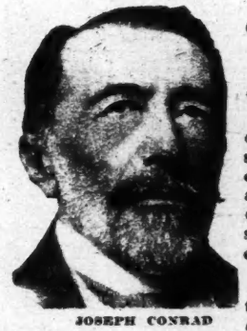

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He had met, too, the men he wrote about—sailors, outcasts, adventurers, traders, thieves, murderers—the riff-raff of the world thrown up in the mysterious East and there battling out their destiny. He knew their lives, their stories—often from their own lips. And what narratives they are! "Such tales as men tell under the haunting stars!"—that, in a phrase, typifies them.

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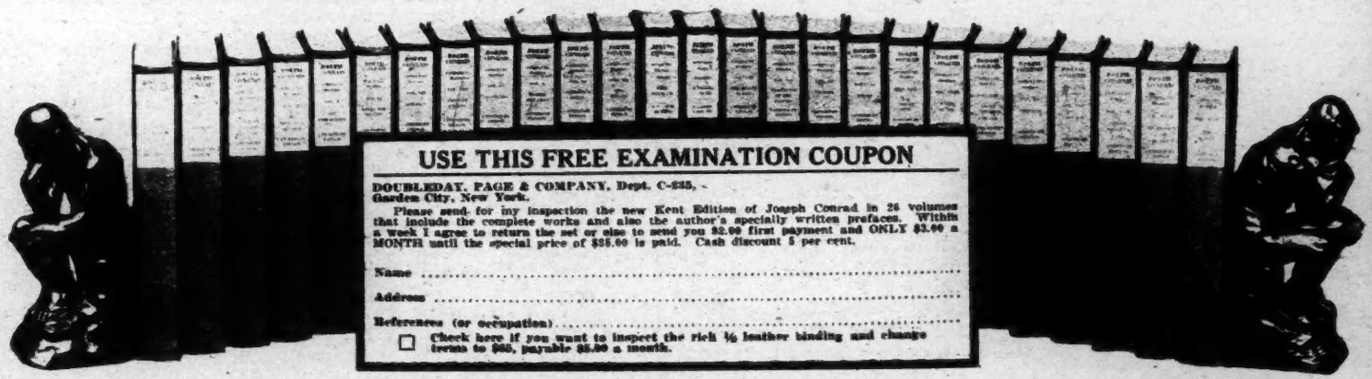

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